

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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The Democratic Nominations.

Born of the great political parties have completed their nominations for President and Vice President, and have joined issue before the country and the world. On one side we have the foremost General of the age, and to whom, perhaps, more than any one else, the country owes its first debt of gratitude, and who, if he has had little experience in statesmanship, has nevertheless shown, when occasion has offered, some of its highest qualities. He is supported on the ticket which he heads by a man of great legislative experience, of unblemished character, and who is thoroughly familiar with public affairs. We need not say we refer to General Grant and Speaker Colfax.

The Democratic party, after an animated struggle, has nominated for its standard-bearers ex-Governor Horatio Seymour and General Frank Blair. The first is a man of fair average abilities, of thoroughly respectable private character, and of a line that has given us a number of very worthy, if not very distinguished, public men. He has had no expe-

rience in public affairs outside of his State, in which he once rose to the rank of Governor. This was during the war, and he used his position to thwart and embarrass, rather than aid the General Government, and was only restrained from active sympathy with the rebellion by a prudent regard for the public temper. He addressed a mob of incendiaries, assassins and thieves in this city as his "friends," and proposed that the breach between the South and the nation should be healed by an acceptance, by the whole country, of the Constitution of the so-called Confederate States. He has never uttered a noble sentiment that anybody remembers; never originated a measure of public beneficence or utility, and owes whatever position he has reached entirely to the intrigues and manipulations of party. He has no traits of character to inspire attachment or enthusiasm, and has no claim whatever on the gratitude of his countrymen. His nomination against a man like Grant is a piece of presumption unparalleled in the history of politics.

General Frank Blair belongs to a notorious

family of place-hunters and unappeasable office-seekers, who, in their career, have been "everything by turns, and nothing long." He has had some service in Congress, where he was a fierce Republican, and did some fair service in the field during the war. The expulsion of his brother from the Cabinet of President Lincoln, and his consequent withdrawal from his former political associations, carried the General in the same direction, and for some years he has occupied the position of a morose and querulous "outsider," belonging to no party, and sought by none. His principal, if not sole claim on the Democratic Convention, seems to have been a letter, published on the eve of its assembling, full of the most revolutionary and treasonable sentiments and suggestions—proposing, in fact, to overturn the existing order of things by force of arms, invade the capital, and coerce the Senate. We quote this extraordinary and infamous document in full in another column, as the most conclusive evidence of the unfitness of General Blair for any position of public trust or responsibility.

In the whole of our history we have never had two nominations so utterly in contrast as those now presented by the respective parties; none between which it was less difficult to choose. It would be ludicrous if it were not audacious to ask a man to deliberate between the great soldier and the small politician, and wholly insulting to ask him to consider between a small General, the open advocate of a dictatorship and a new civil war, and a calm and enlightened statesman like Colfax!

We need not repeat that we would have been glad to see the Democratic party reorganize on a broad and healthy plan, and become an active and vigorous organization, in harmony with the spirit and necessities of the times. We thought, as did many thousands like us, that the time had come for that reorganization, under the leadership of a man who deservedly shares with General Grant the first place in the national esteem. We knew that his acceptance by the Democracy would involve a surrender of many of their prejudices and a complete cutting loose from dead issues; but we believed there was wisdom enough in the party



POPULAR DEMONSTRATION ON UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY, JULY 9TH, IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE NOMINATION OF HORATIO SEYMOUR BY THE DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION.—SEE PAGE 291.

to see that such a sacrifice must sooner or later be made, and that it would be made as an alternative to defeat and disintegration. Even after an obnoxious platform had been adopted we had hoped that, with Mr. Chase to interpret it in practice, it would be harmless. But neither sense or expediency prevailed in the Convention. It never rose to the dignity of the crisis. Its deliberations were only a series of tricks and plots, and paltry combinations, in which the party strumpets of New York were the leaders and promoters. We have the result in the shape of the weakest nominations that imbecility, narrowness, and utter lack of an appreciation of the exigencies of the times could devise or secure. It commands no respect, it will excite no enthusiasm. It leaves to all men who have the glory, honor, and prosperity of the country at heart no alternative but to throw the whole weight of their influence in the scale for Grant and Colfax.

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NEW YORK, JULY 25, 1868.

NOTICE—We have no traveling agents. All persons representing themselves to be such are impostors.

Resolutions of the National Democratic Convention.

We print below the resolutions or "platform" of the recent National Democratic Convention held in this city. It is rather a tedious composition as compared with the "platform" adopted by the Republican party at Chicago. There is something very sophomoric in the simile about the "pillars of government rocking on their base," and one cannot resist a smile at the prediction, that if that eminently cool and conservative man, Gen. Grant, should be elected President next Fall, "we shall meet as a subject and conquered people around the ruins of liberty and the scattered fragments of the Constitution!" It rather strikes us that, as the people are to elect the President, and as nobody else can, he must be the choice of the people, and then the people will be "subject and conquered" only by themselves, which it is their proudest right and privilege to be. It strikes us, further, that the allusion to "ten States" as subject to military despotism is rather an anachronism, since seven of those States are, and the rest may be any day, represented in Congress and governed by their own officers. Ten terse sentences ought to contain all that is vital or essential in the "platform." Some one in the Convention should have insisted on "simmering down" the whole affair.

The Democratic Party, in National Convention assembled, reposing its trust in the intelligence, patriotism and discriminating justice of the people, standing upon the Constitution as the foundation and limitation of the powers of the Government, and the guarantee of the liberties of the citizen, and recognizing the questions of slavery and secession as having been settled for all time to come by the war, or the voluntary action of the Southern States in constitutional conventions assembled, and never to be renewed or reargued, do, with the return of peace, demand,

First—Immediate restoration of all the States to their rights in the Union, under the Constitution, and of civil government to the American people.

Second—Amnesty for all past political offenses and the regulation of the elective franchise in the States by their citizens.

Third—Payment of the public debt of the United States as rapidly as practicable; all moneys drawn from the people by taxation, except so much as is requisite for the necessities of the Government economically administered, being honestly applied to such payment, and where the obligations of the Government do not expressly state upon their face, or the law under which they were issued does not provide that they shall be paid in coin, they ought, in right and in justice, to be paid in the lawful money of the United States.

Fourth—Equal taxation of every species of property according to its real value, including Government bonds and other public securities.

Fifth—One currency for the Government and the people, the laborer and the office-holder, the pensioner and the soldier, the producer and the bondholder.

Sixth—Economy in the administration of the Government, the reduction of the standing army and navy, the abolition of the Freedmen's Bureau, and all political instrumentalities designed to secure negro supremacy; simplification of the system and discontinuance of inquisitorial modes of assessing and collecting internal revenue, so that the burden of taxation may be equalized and lessened, the credit of the Government and the currency made good, the repeal of all enactments for enrolling the State militia into national forces in time of peace, and a tariff for revenue upon foreign imports, and such equal taxation under the Internal Revenue laws as will afford incidental protection to domestic manufactures, and as will, without impairing the revenue, impose the least burden upon and best promote and encourage the great industrial interests of the country.

Seventh—Reform of abuses in the administration, the expulsion of corrupt men from office, the abrogation of useless offices, the restoration of rightful authority to, and the independence of the Executive and the Judicial Departments of the Government, the subordination of the military to the civil power, to the end that the usurpations of Congress and the despotism of the sword may cease.

Eighth—Equal rights and protection for naturalized and native-born citizens at home and abroad, the assertion of American nationality, which shall command the respect of foreign Powers, and furnish an example and encouragement to people struggling for national integrity, constitutional liberty and individual rights; and the maintenance of the rights of naturalized citizens against the absolute doctrine of immutable allegiance and the claims of foreign Powers to punish them for alleged crimes committed beyond their jurisdiction.

In demanding these measures and reforms, we reaffirm the Radical Party for its disregard of right and the unparalleled oppression and tyranny which have marked its career. After the most solemn and unanimous pledge of both Houses of Congress to prosecute the war exclusively for the maintenance of the Government and the preservation of the Union under the Constitution, it has repeatedly violated that most sacred pledge,

under which alone was rallied that noble volunteer army which carried our flag to victory.

Instead of restoring the Union, it has, so far as is in its power, dissolved it, and subjected ten States, in time of profound peace, to military despotism and negro supremacy. It has nullified the right of trial by jury; it has abolished the habeas corpus, that most sacred writ of liberty; it has overthrown the freedom of speech and the Press; it has substituted arbitrary seizures and arrests, and military trials and secret Star Chamber inquiries for the constitutional tribunals; it has disregarded, in time of peace, the right of the people to be free from searches and seizures; it has entered the post and telegraph offices, and even the private rooms of individuals, and seized their private papers and letters, without any specific charge or notice of affidavit, as required by the organic law; it has converted the American Capitol into a Bastille; it has established a system of spies and official espionage to which no constitutional monarchy of Europe would now dare resort; it has abolished the right of appeal on important constitutional questions to the supreme judicial tribunals, and threatens to curtail or destroy its original jurisdiction, which is irrevocably vested by the Constitution; while the learned Chief Justice has been subjected to the most atrocious calumnies, merely because he would not prostitute his high office to the support of the false and partisan charges preferred against the President. Its corruption and extravagance have exceeded anything known in history, and by its frauds and monopolies it has nearly doubled the burden of the debt created by the war. It has stripped the President of his constitutional power of appointment, even of his own Cabinet. Under its repeated assaults, the pillars of the Government are rocking on their base, and should it succeed in November next, and inaugurate its President, we will meet as a subject and conquered people around the ruins of liberty and the scattered fragments of the Constitution.

And we do declare and resolve that, ever since the people of the United States threw off all subjection to the British Crown, the privilege and trust of suffrage have belonged to the several States, and have been granted, regulated and controlled exclusively by the political power of each State respectively, and that any attempt by Congress, on any pretext whatever, to deprive any State of this right, or interfere with its exercise, is a flagrant usurpation of power which can find no warrant in the Constitution; and if sanctioned by the people, will subvert our form of government, and can only end in a single centralized and consolidated government, in which the separate existence of the States will be entirely absorbed, and an unqualified despotism be established in place of a Federal Union of coequal States; and that we regard the Reconstruction acts (so called) of Congress, as such, as usurpations and unconstitutional, revolutionary and void; that our soldiers and sailors, who carried the flag of our country to victory against a most gallant and determined foe, must ever be gratefully remembered, and all the guarantees given in their favor must be faithfully carried into execution; that the public lands should be distributed as widely as possible among the people, and should be disposed of either under the Pre-emption or Homestead laws, and sold in reasonable quantities, and to none but actual occupants, at the minimum price established by the Government. When grants of the public lands may be allowed, necessary for the encouragement of important public improvements, the proceeds of the sale of such lands, and not the lands themselves, should be so applied.

That the President of the United States, Andrew Johnson, in exercising the power of his high office, in resisting the aggressions of Congress upon the constitutional rights of the States and the people, is entitled to the gratitude of the whole American people, and in behalf of the Democratic Party, we tender him our thanks for his patriotic efforts in that regard.

Upon this platform the Democratic Party appeal to every patriot, including all the Conservative element, and all who desire to support the Constitution and restore the Union, forgetting all past differences of opinion, to unite with us in the present great struggle for the liberties of the people; and that to all such, to whatever party they may have heretofore belonged, we extend the right hand of fellowship, and hail all such co-operating with us as friends and brethren.

"Crown's 'Quest.'"

DURING the afternoon of Tuesday, the 30th of June, a man of the name of Peter Tracey, the keeper of a drinking and billiard saloon in the Bowery, got very drunk. After the manner of many of his class when in that state, he became very quarrelsome, and, in the vernacular, "was spoiling for a fight." He entered the eating-house No. 3 Rivington street, and speedily picked a quarrel with one Emil Swinzmunn, with whom he was previously unacquainted, and who was shown to be a man of very quiet and inoffensive manners. Swinzmunn appears to have made no reply to the torrent of abuse poured upon him by Tracey, beyond asking him to go away, as he wanted to have nothing to do with him. Probably this quietness exasperated Tracey, who speedily passed from words to blows, and, being a far more powerful man than his adversary, he seized him by the throat and bore him to the ground, threatening to kill him. Hearing this threat, finding himself powerless in the grasp of Tracey, and no one coming to his assistance, Swinzmunn drew a revolver, and shot his assailant, killing him instantaneously. A coroner's jury declared that the homicide was justifiable, being committed in self-defense—a verdict which seems to meet general public approval; and people do say, under their breaths, however, that it would not be a public calamity if a few more of the Tracey class, the disgrace of our city, were to meet his fate.

Coroner's law has from time immemorial been a standing joke among the legal profession, and the peg on which many laughable stories are hung. Coroner Flynn, who sat in this Tracey case, has kept up the reputation of his calling, for, incredible as it may appear, after the jury acquitted Swinzmunn, the coroner committed him to prison for having carried a concealed weapon. We do not know whether the respected coroner be an Irishman, but it certainly seems as if no one else could make such a "bull" as to justify a man in killing another in self-defense, and then punish him for doing it with a weapon.

We can understand that one crime may be aggravated by being joined with another, as, for instance, murder by drunkenness, but it is something new to find an acquittal on charge of crime followed by punishment for the way in which it was done.

Suppose that Tracey had killed Swinzmunn, as he was very nearly doing, would the learned coroner have committed him for murder, and

then fined him five dollars for being drunk and disorderly? And if such a supposition be too absurd, wherein does it differ from his action toward Swinzmunn?

But the best part of the joke is, for we still insist on its being only a Celtic development, that a pistol is not a concealed weapon within the meaning of the act. The law against carrying concealed weapons passed the Legislature 20th April, 1866, and the weapons which may not be lawfully carried are thus defined: "The kind commonly known as slungshot, billy, sand-club, or metal knuckles, or any dirk, or dagger (not contained as the blade of a pocket-knife), or sword-cane, or air-gun." Not a word of pistols; and as there is no rule of law more clearly recognized than that all such penal acts are to be construed strictly, and therefore, what is not by name prohibited is to be considered as allowed, it follows that a pistol is not a concealed weapon within the meaning of the statute.

But perhaps it is too much to expect a coroner to know even so little law as this correct reading of the act would imply.

Popularity.

ONE of the wisest of men, Goethe, said it is of much more importance what a man accomplishes within himself than without him; and yet, with rarest exceptions, men are engaged solely in external objects, seemingly ignorant of the great fact that their best earthly successes will perish, and can be to them but of brief enjoyment. Time with its remorseless scythe cuts down the rock-built castle as the thatched cottage, and in its insatiate maw swallows not only men's works, but even their names, and leaves no trace behind. A few of the stamp of Alexander, Caesar, Cromwell, Shakespeare, Napoleon, and Washington, last through several centuries, or a civilization or two; but the mass of heroes are quite forgotten, and not even monuments or books can save them. Let one open a credible history of the celebrated men of Rome and Greece, who, in their day, cut a figure that warranted them and their admiring kindred in indulging the pleasing thought that their names and deeds would be the theme of the remotest posterity, and then let the reader ask the first hundred men he meets in the streets what they know of Pelopidas or Paulus Emilius, and the answer will almost invariably be, "Never heard of them." And yet there are very few of us who stand a better chance for immortality. Indeed, so far as the great majority of people know, the celebrities of a past age might as well have never been born. If their memories survived the little splash made on the surface when they disappeared, and they are chronicled in a law report, or worse, in a poem, then somebody will likely be curious enough to poke into their private affairs, and, may be, publish the manner they treated their creditors, or wives and relatives, which, after all, is more interesting than to read of scientific discovery, political wrangles, and even warlike deeds.

And herein may be detected the fundamental error of the modern system of education, which stimulates youth to strive for popularity and applause, rather than for culture of the mind and self-development. And our favorite Longfellow is responsible not a little for this false enthusiasm, in that popular song, "The Psalm of Life"—which, by-the-way, has not more claims to originality than many others of our Laureate's songs:

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints in the sands of time."

The prevailing idea at school, the seminary, and the college, is to incite the young to attain favor and renown, rather than virtue. And is not popularity, at the best, a cheapish thing, and they who enjoy it not men known for the solidest attainments? To be a favorite with the majority, one must not wound or offend, and such are not the marks of a teacher and reformer. Luther, Calvin, Knox, and men of their stamp, did not stop to count how much they pleased or displeased, but striking out boldly for what they deemed truth, secured something they did not seek for.

"It comes unsought for, if it comes at all."

And what nobler incentive to those who set a valuation on the vapor,

"Do good in secret, and blush to find it fame!"

The great Prince Eugene, living in an age of unbelief and sensuality, when rallied on his asceticism, said, "If I thought that my soul died with my body, I would still strive after virtue; I would live as I do now." This is the true rule of action. Regardless of men's opinions, with an intelligent understanding of the purpose of our creation, steadily to pursue it.

A man of the world, so-called, was accustomed to say, "I am much less concerned about the future, than I am to do my duty here."

It is of the nature of republican institutions to foster a passion for ephemeral popularity, and to turn our young men from pursuits of true glory. The frequent appeals to the popular favor at the ballot-box prompt ambitious aspirants to employ base arts and taking oratory for the attainment of office, which in

verity should seek the worthy citizen, rather than be the cause of contest to unworthy seekers. And the inevitable result is bad government. Behold what is the class of men in our City Council, and in our State Legislature, who could never have been chosen for their fitness for the places they dishonor, but who have succeeded for the time as popular men; and their success will incite others to imitate their example, until the public is trained to discriminate between glitter and pure gold.

The Finances.

WE take the question of our finances, now that Reconstruction may be regarded as accomplished, is the one most likely to engage the attention of the public, and to enter most largely into our politics. For this reason, and to facilitate comparison, we put the resolutions of the Conventions of the two great parties, referring to this matter, side by side, without comment:

REPUBLICAN PLATFORM.

III. We denounce all forms of repudiation as a national crime; and the national honor requires the payment of the public indebtedness in the uttermost good faith to all creditors at home and abroad, not only according to the letter, but the spirit of the laws under which it was contracted.

IV. It is due to the Labor of the Nation that taxation should be equalized, and reduced as rapidly as the National faith will permit.

V. The National Debt, contracted, as it has been, for the preservation of the Union for all time to come, should be extended over a fair period of redemption; and it is the duty of Congress to reduce the rate of interest thereon, whenever it can be honestly done.

VI. That the best policy to diminish our burden of debt is to so improve our credit that capitalists will seek to loan us money at lower rates of interest than we now pay, and must continue to pay, so long as repudiation, partial or total, open or covert, is threatened or suspected.

VII. Equal taxation of every species of property, according to its real value, including Government bonds and other public securities.

VIII. One currency for the Government and the people, the laborer and the office-holder, the pensioner and the soldier, the producer and the bondholder.

Matters and Things.

THE London journals raise a shout of ecstasy at the selection of Senator Reverdy Johnson to represent the United States in their country, and we should like to know why. He is a worthy old gentleman of 72, who has written good law books, and has helped to manage the Democratic party for nearly half a century, and he has been a slave-owner. But he is a consistent Democrat, and as such will be twice as amenable to Fenian pressure as a Republican would have been, and may not be sorry of an opportunity to make political capital for his side.—The war-pre sure has been so great in Brazil that the Emperor and Empress have contributed a quarter of their income to help the public purse, and the other members of the Imperial family one-fifth of theirs. At the same time the Emperor has refused to have any exemption from the tax of three per cent. on all earnings over \$600 yearly, and pays that proportion on the revenue allowed him for the support of his State as head of the Empire.—The family of General Grant consists of himself and Mrs. Grant; Frederick, a youth of 18, now a cadet at West Point; Ulysses, Jr., about 15 years old; Nellie, an only daughter, and Jesse, the baby, who is named after the General's father. Miss Nellie is described as "a sunny dispositioned and merry young lady, whom everybody loves," and Jesse as "a bright lad who sometimes appears in Highland costume, the garb of his Gaelic ancestors."

—Prince Alfred is said to have made a short speech somewhere, describing his Australian experiences. "At Adelaide," said his Royal Highness, "they stole my jewels, at Melbourne my character, and at Sydney they tried to take my life."—Prof. De Morgan, in the London *Athenaeum*, relates: "To my direct knowledge, there were, less than thirty years ago, two solicitors—acute men, trustworthy, and much trusted—who conducted themselves as follows. I have no doubt they represented a class: When the first wanted 6 times 8, he wrote down six eights; if 8 times 6, eight sixes; if both within five minutes of each other, both. He then drew a line, said 8 and 8 are 16, and 8 are 24, etc. The other multiplied by 10, say 647, as follows: Ten times 7, 70, set down 0 and carry 7; 10 times 4, 40, and 7, 47, etc. When shown that simply annexing a cipher would do, he thought it pretty, but did not feel sure of short cuts."—The wardrobe of the Princess Metternich of Austria consists of 119 dresses of silk, each of 119 pieces, and trimmed with 1,900 yards of trimmings; 164 morning gowns of various materials, adorned with one million of buttons; 61 walking-dresses and cloaks, ornamented with one ton of bugles; 51 shawls of various sizes and colors; 152 petticoats, in variety; 375 other undergarments; 365 pairs of stockings; 156 pairs of earrings, in variety; 31 fans; 24 parasols; 1 umbrella.—In 1851 the London *Punch* humorously gave a list of things "impossible to be realized." Among them were the following: "The unity of Germany, from Prussia;" "The freedom of the Press, from Austria or Italy;" "The Abolition of Serfdom, from Russia;" "The Emancipation of a Slave, from the United States." Every one thought *Punch* had made a very safe list, and yet, in less than twenty years' time, every one of these "impossibilities" has become a reality.

We hope we have sense enough to devise some different way of celebrating the "glorious Fourth" than our present one. A daily contem-

porary states, after a review of its exchanges, that "the Fourth this year has resulted in a thousand people being killed or wounded, besides the loss of property. It is as destructive as though we had an annual battle of imposing magnitude."

The *Tribune* opposes the adoption of Colonel Alexander's "saw bayonet," which is an ordinary bayonet, with one of its edges fashioned as a saw, and to be used as such—a saw being a constantly useful implement to the soldier. It thinks that "the thrust of an ordinary bayonet is bad enough, but the thrust of a saw must entail unspeakable tortures." No doubt of it; but bayonets are of small account in modern warfare, especially since the introduction of "arms of precision." It is rather a useless weapon, more formidable in appearance than fact, and if it can be utilized, so much the better. The Emperor of Russia, our friend of the knout, is also getting to be a humanitarian, and objects to explosive bullets that burst inside a man when they hit him. We are told his representative has approached our Government on the subject, with a view to some understanding against their use. But he says nothing about shells that burst outside the man and finish him in that way. The "humanities" and "amenities" of war are simply humbugs. War means slay, wound, terrify, kill, any thing to demoralize, and to be pierced first, and afterward "blown up" by a bullet, is about as demoralizing a possibility as we can think of, especially when there is a likelihood of being prodded by a saw afterward, in case the explosion does not quite kill us. It was all very well to stand upon punctilios when wars were conducted like duels, and campaign after campaign went on like so many games of chess, until it suited the kings or their mistresses to make treaties of peace. In these days wars are rather different. The fate of half of Europe may be settled in a month—decided in a single battle, and by a superior rifle, or a new kind of artillery. The other day a naval action was settled with 18 or 24-pounders, or by boarding cutlass and pistol. Now a ship is blown up by a submarine shell, or sunk by a ram with all on board. As when things get to the worst they mend, the sooner war gets to its worst, the sooner may we look for the reign of peace. When every man is armed with a weapon which will infallibly kill at any distance, when each man can kill twenty a minute, provided he is not meantime killed himself, human energy and invention may possibly take some more beneficent direction, and the world may listen to the prayer of a warrior or a statesman—"GIVE US PEACE."

The *Tribune* fires some point-blank shot into that silly piece of composition, the Democratic platform. It says:

"The Democratic platform opens by demanding the immediate restoration of all the States to their rights in the Union. Seven of the ten seceding States have just been restored to their rights in the Union against the votes of every Democratic member of either House of Congress, and over the adverse veto of a Democratic President."

Again:

"The platform demands the regulation of the elective franchise in the States by their citizens." It is impossible for the citizens of a State to regulate the elective franchise except through the exercise of the elective franchise. Now, by demanding that the 'citizens' of a State shall regulate its franchise, the Democratic Convention, by implication, demands that they shall have the right to vote in order to do so. But this is universal suffrage. What the Democratic party really means is, that only the white citizens of a State shall regulate the elective franchise; for if they concede that the entire body of citizens of a State may exclude any portion on account of color, then they concede that in South Carolina the blacks, who are nearly two-thirds of the citizens, can exclude the whites, and so disfranchise Gen. Wade Hampton, one of the authors of the platform."

The appeal of the strong-minded women to the Democratic Convention was received and read "amid roars of laughter." Mrs. Horace Greeley was among the appellants, and it would seem, signed her name to the statement that "the party in power," in which Horace is a power, have had the audacity to submit a proposition to put the word "male" in the Federal Constitution, where it NEVER was before." And this, with all the italics and small capitals, is a "fresh insult to the women of the Republic." If Horace be the 'ed of his 'ouse, as our London friend would express it, here is a case wherein he may affirm it. "A house divided against itself," etc., is a Scriptural dogma, if not a real axiom. The philosopher of the *Tribune* must look to it. *Appropos* of all this, we find in the *St. James's Magazine* some paragraphs that we would commend to Mrs. Greeley and her co-laborers:

"The fact is, that women have quite as much political influence in these days as they care about. If they are possessors of property or money, we all know how political influence, although they may not exercise it directly, and individually, will be attainable to as great a degree as in a man's case. A clever and cultivated woman will always exercise a very considerable influence over, and will always have weight with, those men with whom she is brought in contact. She has every opportunity, too, in the public press, of expressing her opinion on political questions; her views will always be received with respect and attention, and if founded on sound reason, will be accepted by thoughtful politicians. It depends solely on herself whether her influence be great or small; solely on the interest she takes in politics whether she obtains political power of a very enduring kind or not. Woman's influence, there can be no doubt, is in all societies on the increase. One can have no better ally during a contested election than a clever and pretty woman. But then she does a woman's and not a man's work in the fight."

"If woman will do man's work, she must expect no more courtesy and consideration from us than we would bestow upon a man under similar circumstances. All our chivalry, our tenderness, and protection are hers, and justly so, when she remains in her proper sphere. If she faces the world like a man, and does a man's work, she must expect to be treated as a man. Of her own accord she places herself on an equality with men, and she must take the disadvantages along with the advantages of the position, such as they may be. In no state of the world, at no period of the world's history, has woman been on an exactly equal political equality with man; and in no age has this could the wisdom of the practice of the bygone years have been so disputed without much more reprobation falling on it than the movement has at present incurred."

"While man's work is done in the face of the world—his rougher nature fitting him for the fight of life—for woman the usage and tradition of all ages has set

apart the dearer and sweeter duties of home. In that little empire she rules with undisputed sway, but it is a sway that would be seriously endangered did she leave her kingdom for the stormy contests of political life. We suspect that few women would care to exchange the influence they now possess for that doubtful power and notoriety which would accrue to them from stump oratory and electioneering. It is just because we value so highly the influence which a cultivated woman now exercises in all societies, that we are unwilling to see her lose it by aiming at a man's position in political affairs."

"It is nonsense to talk about woman being oppressed or held down, socially or intellectually, in these days. In literature, in science, and in art, as innumerable examples prove, a clever woman has every opportunity of entering the lists against men with equal advantages."

The following not very flattering picture of the royal family of Spain is from a new work, by a lady, "A Winter Tour in Spain":

"The Queen, though only thirty-seven years of age, looks much more, on account, no doubt, of her excessive size. She is heavy, awkward, and ungraceful in her movements; she looks best when seated; then there is a trifle of dignity in her appearance. She is utterly incapable, as all Spanish women are, of bowing; she will nod a recognition, but that is all. The King Consort is little and common-looking, he is fair and foolish; some, however, think him as much of a knave as a fool. Princess Isabella, the eldest daughter, now sixteen, has the beauty of youth; she is slight and tall, and gentle-looking. The Prince of the Asturias, the Crown Prince, with his closely-cut hair and rather heavy features, is like a French college boy; the rest of the family are mere children. With all her outward display of devotion, Queen Isabella has not the reputation amongst her loving subjects of being over pious."

THE THEATRICAL THERMOMETER.

The glancing rockets and exploding fire-crackers that dappled the sky and perfumed the earth on the Fourth of July—a thermometer which stood in the shade at a steady and moist sultry average of 85 degrees or more—the Schutzenfest, with its forty thousand out-of-door wine and lager-drinking habits, and the Democratic National Convention, recruited from the political wire-pullers in every State of the Union, with the names of Chase, Pendleton, Seymour, Hancock, banded to and fro upon their tongues in and out of the new Tammany Wigwam, have, during the past eight or ten days, thinned out the theatres.

Man and woman in New York, unless they were politically sucked, or Teutonically born, have had no heart to feel anything unless it were the broiling heat.

Claret punches and sherry cobblers have, in their constant attraction, surpassed John Brougham's "Lottery of Life," or "Augustin Daly's" "Flash of Lightning."

Moreover, the critic is disinclined to visit the theatre—preferring laziness and the *dolce far niente*, to anything like work.

At any rate we do so.

Besides, there is no necessity for our troubling ourselves with the moist obligation of stewing ourselves on behalf of the public.

Even Theodore Thomas gives us no novelty at the Central Park Garden. His music is but a repetition, which, charming as it may be in rationally cool weather, loses its power of tickling the palate of the ear when the atmosphere is capable of generally roasting chestnuts. As for his *bals champtres*, he has apparently, with wisdom, postponed them until the present temperature has moderated its intensity.

At Wallack's, there has been no change. The management have developed a noble faith in John Brougham and the non-continuance of the weather.

The Worrell Sisters maintain an equally constant belief in a stay of the latter, and the popularity of their adaptation of the "Grand Duchess."

"Humpty Dumpty," still continues at the Olympic.

From Niblo's alone we hear of an alteration in the bill. "The White Falcon," with all its splendor and its legs, its Bell Ballet, its Realm of the Dragon-Fly, and its Yellow Kingdom, was during this week to have walked the way of all theatrical flesh, and have been consigned to the tomb of the Capulets. Mr. Bateman brings his French opera, with its gaiety and its fun, to replace them on the stage, under Mr. Wheatley's management. He opens for the operatic season on Monday next, with Offenbach's "Barbe Bleue," which promises, as a musical sensation, to be more than rival "La Grande Duchesse." It is said to be one of the sparkling composer's freshest and most telling operettas. If so, it's certain success may be guaranteed among our laughter-loving citizens.

In the Broadway the "Flash of Lightning" is very much in season, although manager and author alike might have preferred a more reasonable heat.

The Bryans advertise "Love Among the Roses." We would suggest to them the name of "Love in a Bathing Machine" as infinitely more agreeable during the Dog-days.

With a feeling of intense physical delight, as well as of unqualified satisfaction at her success during the past year, Mrs. Conway must have closed the Brooklyn Theatre on the night of July the 4th.

It is with deep regret that we mention the death of Miss Anna Locuste, a young actress who had already developed marked talent in her profession. She was to have appeared as leading juvenile tragedienne at Mr. Booth's New Theatre—where Miss Morant is to fill the more powerful parts—during the coming season. She was originally a pupil of L. C. Pray, to whom teaching her thorough and scholar-like reading was in a large measure due. We regard her as a loss to the profession, which at present finds few young actresses who aim at success in its higher and more severe walks.

ART COSSIP.

There are but few countries—and artists often deplore the fact—in which there is so little of the picturesque in human life and character as in this great and cosmopolitan one. In the circles of wealth, and in those of comparatively easy circumstances, fashion is so completely despotic in regard to attire, that it would be useless to look in that direction for anything like the picturesque. The nearest approach to it, perhaps, is to be found among the Indian tribes of the far West. But even the red man, from contact with civilization, is fast losing his picturesque character, and it would puzzle the most skillful artist to make a pleasing sketch from an Ojibway warrior dressed in a "claw-hammer" coat, black pantaloons, a paper shirt-collar, and stove-pipe hat. Among the genuine plantation "niggers" of the South, picturesque figures are certainly to be met with, but variety is wanting, and rage will pall upon the artist at last. On this northern division of the continent there is but one country that affords elements of the truly picturesque in its inhabitants, dwellings, farm-implements and surroundings generally, and that is the section of the neighboring Dominion formerly known as Lower Canada. There a great majority of the inhabitants are of French descent. For many generations they have preserved their old Norman and Breton peculiarities of physique and costume—the latter being modified, however, by many little devices and bits of barbaric ornamentation derived from the Indians, with whom they had much intercourse during the early times of the settlement. Of course it is only in the more remote "parishes" that French Canadians

of the purely primitive type are to be found, and it is somewhat surprising that these places off the beaten track have been but rarely visited by artists. In some of these nooks of the North the writer has fallen in with peasant men and women, quite as worthy of the artist's pencil as any of those who are affording such good material for Jules Breton, or G. H. Boughton. A thorough exploration of the wild regions below Quebec, in winter as well as in summer, would well repay the artist who fancies the *genre* of peasant life. Mr. Eastman Johnson, for instance, would find much new material for his interior compositions in these places. We have heard of but one of our New York artists who has betaken himself, this summer, to the region referred to—Mr. Gilbert Burling. Some of this gentleman's sketches of rural scenes and characters evince much ability, and we have no doubt that he will discover a new mine of material for his pencil among the villages and homesteads of the quaint French Canadians.

Mr. J. W. McDonald has nearly finished an excellent anatomical study, in plaster, of a horse. The whole of the muscular arrangement is shown with great exactness, and the model will be a most useful one for the studios of artists who delineate equine character.

Mr. W. O. Stone is busily engaged upon several portraits, in his city studio, but will shortly proceed to pass some of the summer months at Lenox, Mass.

The National Democratic Convention—Its Final Proceedings—Our Portraits of the Nominees—Horatio Seymour for the Presidency, and Francis P. Blair, Jr., for the Vice Presidency—The Salute on Union Square, New York City, in Honor of the Nominations.

THE concluding scenes of the National Democratic Convention were attended with an excitement commensurate with the importance of the occasion. After five days of true Democratic uproar, confusion and stormy discussion, conducted, however, within the acknowledged rules of such demonstrations, Horatio Seymour, of New York, was nominated for the Presidency, and General Francis P. Blair, Jr., of Missouri, for the Vice Presidency, the action of the Convention being declared unanimous, notwithstanding the natural disappointment of the friends of Pendleton, Hancock, Hendricks, and other candidates, whose names had been conspicuous at an earlier period of the proceedings. It would be useless for us to publish in detail the history of that political assemblage, as all that was said and done has been described at length in the public daily journals of the country, and in almost every household in the land the scenes and incidents in and about Tammany Hall, during the session of the Convention, have been the subject of consideration and comment, some expressing their satisfaction, others their doubts, others their disgust, and all, according to their prejudices, their preferences, their hopes and fears, indulging in that intelligent criticism that is the privilege of the American freeman.

The engraving upon our front page represents the scene on Union Square immediately after the announcement of the nomination of Horatio Seymour. The cheers of the multitude, the booming of cannon, and all the various circumstances that attend a great partisan excitement in the metropolis, presented a very animated picture, while about that surging crowd the equestrian statue of Washington, calm and majestic, contrasted grandly with the tumult and confusion that reigned below.

Our portraits of the Democratic candidates will, we are sure, be acceptable to the public of all political denominations throughout the country. They are faithful likenesses, and in an artistic point of view sufficiently valuable to be made heirlooms in American households.

With brief biographical sketches of the candidates, we disclaim, for this number, the subject of the Convention, earnestly hoping that the political campaign now fairly inaugurated may be conducted with the intelligence and beneficence of purpose that should be characteristic of American citizenship, and that the result may be to the glory and welfare of the Republic.

HORATIO SEYMOUR.

Horatio Seymour was born in Onondaga County, New York, in 1811, and was, in early life, successfully engaged in the practice of the law in Utica. After a time, he relinquished that vocation, and devoted his attention wholly to the care of the large estates left by his father and father-in-law.

In politics, he has always been strongly attached to the Democratic party.

In the autumn of 1841, he was elected a member of the State Assembly, and, in the following spring, Mayor of Utica.

In the Legislature, he at once assumed a prominent part, and, upon his re-election in 1845, was chosen Speaker.

In 1850 he was nominated by his party for Governor of the State, but was defeated by Washington Hunt by a majority of 262 votes. In 1852 he was again nominated, and was elected. In 1854 he was again defeated, four candidates being nominated, and Myron H. Clark, supported by the Whigs and Temperance men, receiving a majority of 309 over Mr. Seymour, who had, during his term, vetoed the so-called "Maine Law," and had become identified with the opposition to restrictive legislation upon intoxicating liquors. In 1852 he was again elected Governor by 10,752 majority. He has several times been proposed by portions of his party as a candidate for the Presidency, and has at last been nominated by the unanimous vote of the Convention, in spite of his repeated refusals to enter the field as a candidate.

Mr. Seymour is an eloquent and effective orator, argumentative, fluent, and particularly graceful and persuasive in his exercise of the art of public speaking. His bearing is dignified, but not austere; his manners, those of a perfect gentleman, and, while his countenance has a decidedly intellectual cast, his social qualities are of a character to make warm friends, and, let us say, to make the most of them in his political career.

FRANCIS PRESTON BLAIR, JR.

Francis Preston Blair, Jr., was born in Lexington, Kentucky, February 19th, 1821, and is now in his forty-eighth year. At an early age he entered Princeton College, and pursued his studies with marked success, graduating when in his twentieth year. Following the natural inclination of his mind, he began the study of law, and, determined to avail himself of every advantage for acquiring a thorough knowledge and practice of his profession, he removed to St. Louis, Missouri, and gave his whole attention to his calling. On the breaking out of the Mexican war, Blair abandoned for a season the profession in which he had made remarkable progress, and joined the force then under the command of the lamented Kearney in New Mexico, and served until 1847, when he returned to St. Louis, and again devoted his time and talents to his profession. His first identification with politics was in 1848, when, in company with his father, he gave his support to the Free-soil party, and took an active part in the movement against the extension of slavery into the Territories of the nation. In

1852 he was elected as a Free-soiler to the Missouri Legislature, and two years later he was re-elected, although the friends of the late Thomas H. Benton strove earnestly to secure the seat for that gentleman. In 1857 Mr. Blair was elected to a seat in the United States Congress, and on the breaking out of the rebellion, after resigning the position to which he had been re-elected, labored with characteristic energy in raising volunteers for the army. He entered the field at the head of the First Regiment of Missouri Volunteers, and served as its colonel until a difficulty arose out between him and Gen. Fremont, during which he was ordered under arrest by the latter, to the great indignation of his many friends. An order for his release was signed by President Lincoln, and from that time he rose rapidly as a soldier, participating in many pitched battles, and manœuvring his command in a manner that elicited the approbation of his superior officers. During Gen. Sherman's great march to Charleston, S. C., Gen. Blair commanded the famous Seventeenth Army Corps, which was foremost in all the hard work and engagements of that wonderful campaign. From the day he entered the service until he bade his soldiers farewell, on the 24th of July, 1865, Gen. Blair departed himself with rare bravery. In all his military movements and counsels, he manifested a sagacity and tact that justly won for him a high rank among the Volunteer Generals of the war, combining with the strategy of a commander the prudence of a statesman, and securing success in all his important undertakings.

LETTER OF GENERAL BLAIR.

WASHINGTON, June 30.

Colonel James O. Broadhead,

DEAR COLONEL: In reply to your inquiries, I beg leave to say that I leave to you to determine, on consultation with my friends from Missouri, whether my name shall be presented to the Democratic Convention, and to submit the following, as what I consider the real and only issue in this contest:

The Reconstruction policy of the Radicals will be complete before the next election; the States, so long excluded, will have been admitted; negro suffrage established, and the carpet-baggers installed in their seats in both branches of Congress. There is no possibility of changing the political character of the Senate, even if the Democrats should elect their President and a majority of the popular branch of Congress. We cannot, therefore, undo the Radical plan of Reconstruction by Congressional action; the Senate will continue a bar to its repeal. Must we submit to it? How can it be overthrown? It can only be overthrown by the authority of the Executive, who is sworn to maintain the Constitution, and who will fail to do his duty if he allows the Constitution to perish under a series of Congressional enactments which are in palpable violation of its fundamental principles.

If the President elected by the Democracy enforces or permits others to enforce these Reconstruction acts, the Radicals, by the accession of twenty spurious Senators and fifty Representatives, will control both branches of Congress, and his Administration will be as powerless as the present one of Mr. Johnson.

There is but one way to restore the Government and the Constitution, and that is for the President-elect to declare these acts null and void, compel the army to undo its usurpations at the South, disperse the carpet-bag State Governments, allow the White people to reorganize their own governments, and elect Senators and Representatives.

The House of Representatives will contain a majority of Democrats from the North, and they will admit the Representatives elected by the White people of the South, and, with the co-operation of the President, it will not be difficult to compel the Senate to submit once more to the obligations of the Constitution. It will not be able to withstand the public judgment, if distinctly invoked and clearly expressed, on this fundamental issue, and it is the sure way to avoid all future strife to put this issue plainly to the country.

I repeat that this is the real and only question which we should allow to control us: Shall we submit to the usurpations by which the Government has been overthrown, or shall we exert ourselves for its full and complete restoration? It is idle to talk of bonds, greenbacks, gold, the public faith, and the public credit. What can a Democratic President do in regard to any of these, with a Congress in both branches controlled by the carpet-baggers and their allies? He will be powerless to stop the supplies by which idle negroes are organized into political clubs—by which an army is maintained to protect these vagabonds on their outrages upon the ballot. These, and things like these, eat up the revenues and resources of the Government, destroy its credit, and make the difference between gold and greenbacks. We must restore the Constitution before we can restore the finances, and to do this we must have a President who will execute the will of the people by tramping into dust the usurpations of Congress, known as the Reconstruction Act. I wish to stand before the Convention upon this issue, but it is one which embraces everything else that is of value in its large and comprehensive result. It is the one thing that includes all that is worth a contest, and without it there is nothing that gives dignity, honor, or value to the struggle. Your friend,

FRANK P. BLAIR.

COPYRIGHT IN ENGLAND.

A VERY important copyright decision has just been made by the English House of Lords. The case was originally made by the application of the house of Messrs. Sampson, Low & Co., for an injunction to restrain the Messrs. Routledge from selling a new edition of a work by Miss Cummins, an American authoress, which had been previously published by the Messrs. Low. The application was granted, appealed to the Lords Justices, confirmed, appealed to the House of Lords, and now has been again confirmed.

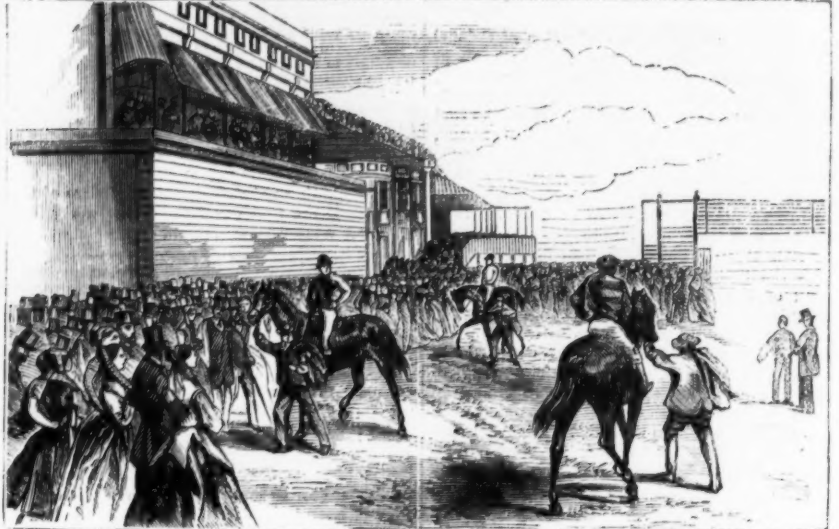
The decision was made by a full court, all the five law lords being of opinion that a foreign author, residing in any part of the British Empire and publishing his work for the first time in London, is entitled to copyright in the same way as an English writer. But Lord Cairns went far beyond this point in his "liberal interpretation of a liberal Act." He expressed an unusually strong conviction that the Act of Parliament gives a real copyright to every author who first publishes his book in England, no matter where he lives, or under what dynasty he serves. "In my opinion," said Lord Cairns, "the protection is given to every author who publishes in the United Kingdom, where-ever the author may be resident, or of whatever state he may be the subject. The intention of the Act is to obtain a benefit for the people of this country by the publication to them of works of learning, of utility, of amusement. The benefit is obtained, in the opinion of the legislature, by offering a certain amount of protection to the author, thereby inducing him to publish his work. This is, or may be, a benefit to the author, but it is a benefit given, not for the sake of the author of the work, but for the sake of those to whom the work is communicated. The aim of the legislature is to increase the common stock of the literature of the country; and if that stock can be increased by the publication for the first time here of a new and valuable work composed by an alien, who never has been in the country, I see nothing in the wording of the Act which prevents, nothing in the policy of the Act which should prevent, and everything in the professed object of the Act, and in its wide and general provisions, which should entitle such a person to the protection of the Act in return and compensation for the addition he has made to the literature of the country. I am glad to be able to entertain no doubt that a construction of the Act so consistent with a wise and liberal policy is the proper construction to be placed upon it."

When is a man thinner than a lath?
When he's a shaving.

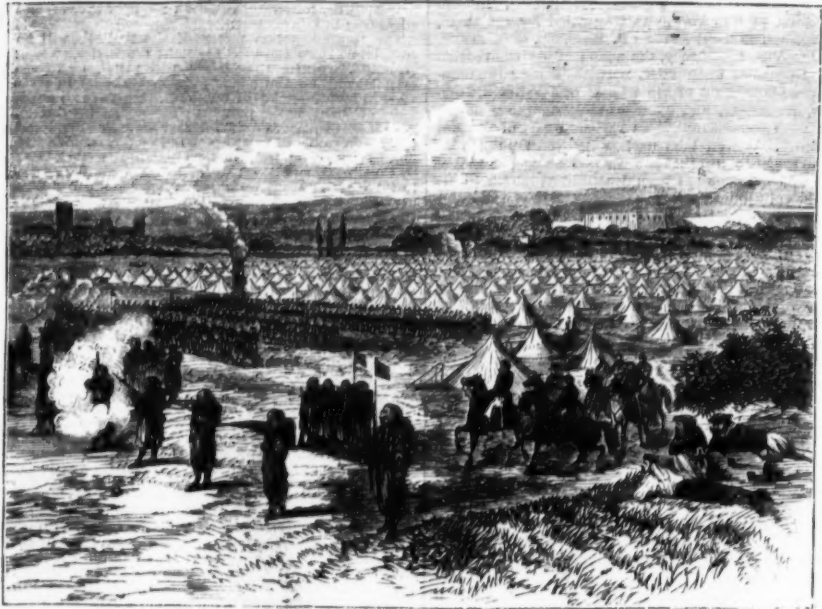
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 293.



THE ASCOT RACES, ENGLAND.—THE ROYAL PARTY WITNESSING THE RACE



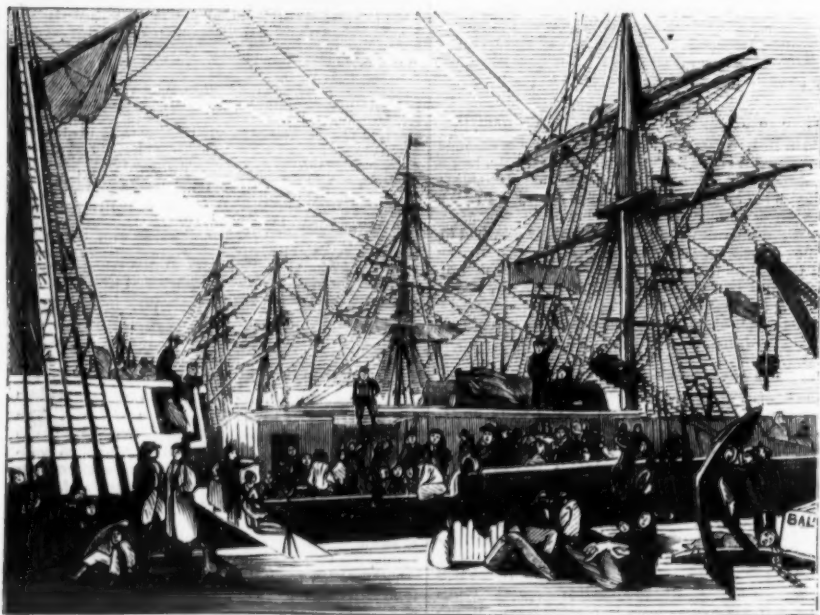
THE ASCOT RACES, ENGLAND.—PARADING THE HORSES BEFORE THE START.



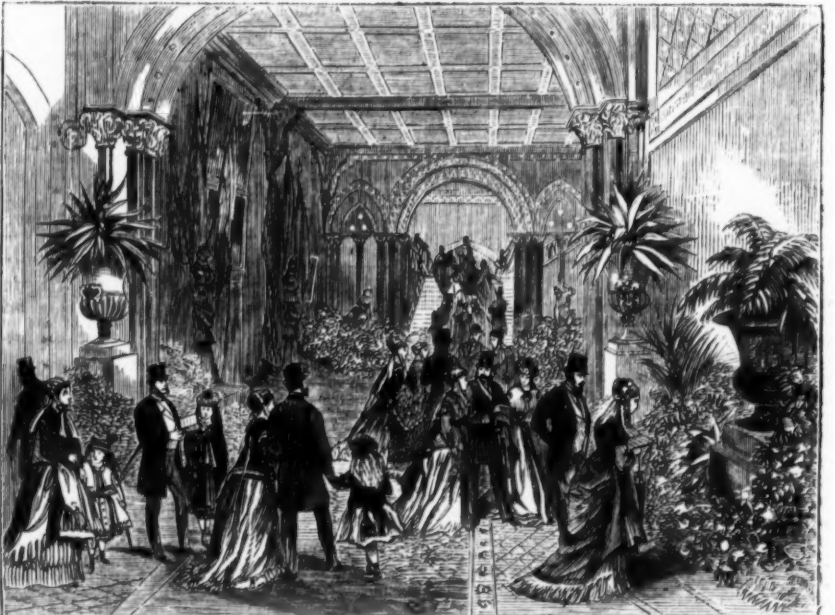
CHASSEPOT RIFLE INSTRUCTION AT THE CAMP OF ST. MAUR, VINCENNES, FRANCE.



THE FEMALE SCHOOL OF ART, QUEEN'S SQUARE, LONDON.—THE LIFE CLASS.



GERMAN EMIGRANTS DEPARTING FOR AMERICA.



THE GRAND STAIRCASE AT THE LEEDS EXHIBITION, ENGLAND.



A NATIVE PLOWING IN THE PROVINCE OF TIGRE, ABYSSINIA.



WOMAN GRINDING CORN IN THE PROVINCE OF TIGRE, ABYSSINIA.



OUR SUMMER RESORTS—UNION HOTEL, SARATOGA, N. Y., LELAND BROTHERS, PROPRIETORS.—SEE PAGE 295.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE ILLUSTRATED EUROPEAN PRESS.

The Royal Party at the Ascot Races—The Race for the Ascot Cup—Parading the Horses Before the Start.

The Ascot races of the present year were marked by a larger attendance of spectators, and a greater amount of interest, than those of previous seasons. The enthusiasm of those who witnessed the various dashes culminated on the Cup Day, and the utmost excitement prevailed, in consequence of the announcement that the three best horses of the year would then meet on the track to compete for the Ascot Gold Cup. A portion of the programme arranged for the day was the parade, within the royal enclosure, of the animals entered for the Cup Race, and as the three horses,

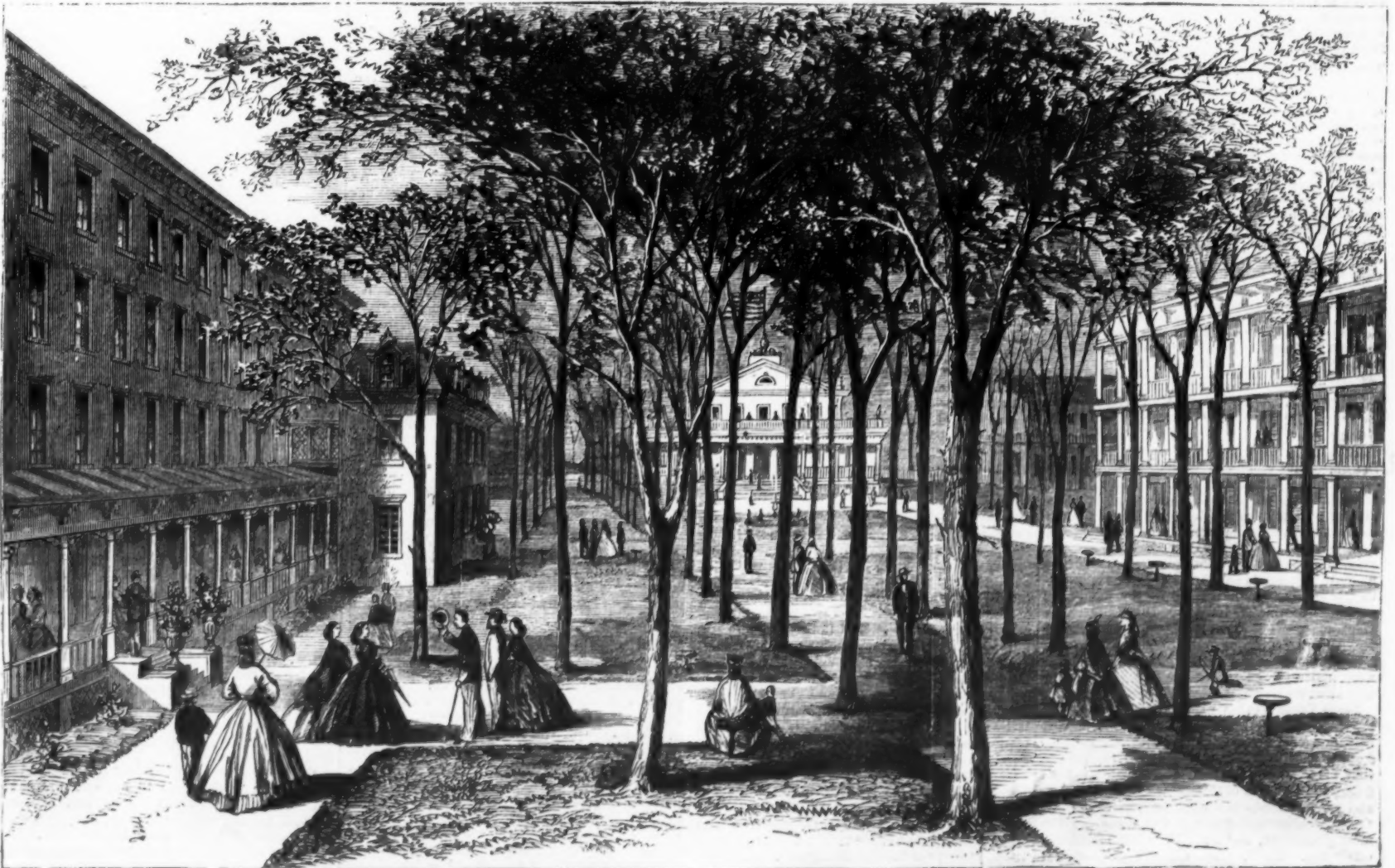
Speculum, Blue Gown, and King Alfred, were led around the course, the large audience manifested its pleasure in repeated applause. Considerable astonishment was manifested when it was discovered that out of eleven proposals, only three animals were likely to run. These were all three-year-olds, and were the same that secured the first, second, and third places on the Derby Day. The royal party, which occupied the Queen's Stand, consisted of the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Crown Prince of Denmark, Prince and Princess Christian, Prince and Princess Teck, and the Duke of Cambridge. The Ascot Cup is a large oval vessel, designed in the Queen Anne style, and ornamented with delicately-wrought bas-reliefs, representing several groups and figures from Chaucer's Canterbury Pilgrimage. The Queen's Plate consists of a large salver, upon which is sculptured in bold relief the ad-

venture of young Lochinvar, riding away with the bride, as related in Sir Walter Scott's well-known ballad. The prize was won by Speculum, the victor of the Derby, without the least difficulty.

Chassepot Rifle Instruction at the Camp of St. Maur, Vincennes.

By the introduction of the Chassepot rifle in the French army, a new system of tactics has been rendered necessary, and to meet the demand, several camps have been recently established in France for the purpose of giving the soldiers a thorough instruction in the use of the new weapon. Our engraving represents one of these camps, which is situated at St. Maur, in the Bois de Vincennes. At this station there are accommodations for 6,000 men, and these are kept hard at work during the term of their instruc-

tion. The mornings are devoted to ball practice, and the afternoons to the new drill, and as soon as a regiment is considered perfect in these exercises, it is ordered off, and another takes its place. In the background of our illustration, and on the right is the Fort de la Faisanderie; a little in the advance is the agricultural establishment, known as the Ferme Impériale, and on the left is the Chateau of Vincennes. The troops manœuvring are a battalion of Zouaves of the Imperial Guard. A single company thrown forward is deploying itself in four divisions; the first, of isolated skirmishers, is under the direction of the captain, at whose right is the bugler; the second body, composed of groups each consisting of four men, is commanded by the first lieutenant; whilst the third and fourth divisions are drawn up in line a little in the rear, the rest of the battalion forming a reserve.



GROUNDS OF THE UNION HOTEL, SARATOGA, N. Y.—THE OPERA HOUSE, BATH HOUSES, ETC.—SEE PAGE 295.

German Emigrants Departing for America.

For several years past Germany has furnished the largest percentage of foreign emigration into the United States. The gradual development of the vast resources of this country have an attraction which is greatly appreciated by our Teutonic neighbors over the water, and a remarkable feature of the emigration of the last few years is, that the greater part of the emigrants hail from the Northern States, and bring to this country a capital sufficient, though small in amount, to command some kind of business. Our engraving represents one of the emigrant ships, crowded with passengers, preparing to leave port. With the improved character of the emigrants come changes by which a great amount of suffering is prevented, and the passage to New York made full of pleasure and interest. There seem to be few expressions of despondency depicted on the faces of the passengers, and although they wear a look of uneasiness, they appear to be turning the important changes they are making into a source of merriment and characteristic buoyancy.

The Abyssinian Expedition—A Native Plowing in the Province of Tigre—A Woman Grinding Corn.

Our sketches of Abyssinia this week represent two domestic scenes, one a native plowing in the province of Tigre, the other, a woman grinding corn. The plows used by the natives of this now interesting country resemble very closely those employed throughout Hindoostan. In the Indian plow the blade is a separate piece, and the handle is a piece of wood inserted into the end of the ox-pole, usually standing upright. The one shown in our illustration is of a more rude construction, the handle held by the driver going through the long pole and forming the share. The point which enters the ground is capped with iron, and the handle is further secured by a chain-work of rope. The driver is clothed only with a pair of thin short breeches, this simple costume being that of the Abyssinian peasantry. The operation of grinding corn is performed by rubbing the grain between two stones. The lower stone, which in this case appears to have been used considerably, rests upon a large block made of clay, which is furnished with deep holes, into which the flour is swept when ground. The kernels, previous to being ground, are roasted in a pan, which render them very brittle. The woman is surrounded by the implements necessary for her work, and carries her infant on her back in a manner similar to our Indian mothers. She is dressed in a petticoat of coarse cotton, and an upper garment of leather, which is formed into a sack for the baby, and gathered at the waist with a strap. The upper part of this garment, as well as her headress, is ornamented with rows of chowries or shells.

The Female School of Art, Queen's Square, London—The Life Class.

The principle of extending to females the necessary facilities for acquiring a thorough education in the various arts and sciences is becoming quite general; and wherever a system of instruction has been put into operation, results have been obtained which tend to show that the female mind is fully able to work out the inspirations of genius. At the Female School of Art, on Queen's Square, Bloomsbury, a new art-gallery has been recently set apart for the accommodation of a class engaged in studying from living models. The apartment is 47 feet long, and 26 feet wide, is well lighted and ventilated, and contains a handsome collection of antique casts, besides many very valuable models of ornamental work. As an evidence that this new enterprise, if properly conducted, will be attended with marked success, it is said that a very large number of works in the present Academy exhibition are from female contributors, and that the last gold medal for historical painting of the Academy was awarded to a young lady. There are at present 120 young ladies prosecuting their studies at the new gallery, and applications have been received from many more, who are anxious to avail themselves of the same advantages that have been enjoyed by male students.

The Grand Staircase at the Leeds Exhibition, England.

A few weeks ago we gave illustrations of the opening of the Fine Art Exhibition at Leeds, England, which was held in the new Infirmary, and for the purpose of obtaining funds to complete the building, and we now present a picture of the grand staircase leading from the main entrance to the exhibition galleries, with its handsome approaches and decorations. Immense urns, resting on granite pedestals, and holding collections of rare flowers, elegant pieces of statuary surrounded by banks of fragrant flowers, specimens of ancient armor, groups of flags, and historical paintings, form the chief ornamentation of the passage. Broad, high, and especially favored with light and ventilation, this feature of the building is in perfect harmony with the other apartments, which, when furnished according to present designs, will answer all the reasonable demands of the sick and wounded who may be brought there for treatment. This Infirmary promises to be the largest and best regulated hospital in England.

A Tunnel Adventure.

SOME years ago, I was stationed in one of our chief manufacturing towns as superintendent in the office of a certain telegraph company. This office contained the smallest amount of space in which it was possible to carry on the work. The greater portion of it was dedicated to the public; and all that remained for an instrument-room was a little slice cut off from the main office by a wooden partition. In this den, about a dozen of us were doomed to spend the best part of every day, in an atmosphere vitiated by the gas which was kept continually burning. Underneath this office was a sort of infernal region, into which our messengers descended until they were wanted, and in which were our batteries. These batteries were under the charge of our linesman—a man who deserves a special word of description.

Jacob Voosh was his name, and he was a tall, broad-shouldered fellow, with a shock head of red hair, and a closely-cut and fiery beard. Judging from a long intercourse with him, I should say that his chief characteristics were a love of his trade, a detestation of telegraph clerks in general, and an inordinate fondness for bitter ale. Of these peculiarities, the last was decidedly the most prominent, and sometimes influenced the other two. When, after a long sitting—and it took a good deal to affect him—his favorite liquor reached his head, it effectually banished all considerations of work until sober moments should arrive, and roused his rancor against the office clerks until it found vent in the most uncompli-

mentary terms. He had originally been a carpenter, but had by some means picked up a store of information about telegraph instruments, and had drifted into the post of linesman in our company. His duties were multifarious, for he was considered responsible for the efficient working of all the apparatus. But upon the whole, the job was an easy one, and frequently a slight inspection in the morning, and an evening call, to see that all was right, constituted his entire day's work. The lengthy interval between morning and evening Jacob religiously spent in a dingy little public-house near the office, where he was within reach in case of an emergency, and where the tap was exceptionally good. Occasionally emergencies did occur. Lightning magnetized all the instruments, and made them for the time useless, or a storm blew down a score of posts, or broke the wires. Then Jacob Voosh showed himself equal to the catastrophe. He hired subordinates, he slaved day and night, he toiled like a Hercules; and then, when he had set everything right, he returned to his corner in the public-house to compensate his exertions by increased draughts of foaming ale. I have said that he was fond of his work; but there was one part of it he did not like. One of the northern railway companies allowed us to carry our wires a certain distance along their posts, and we, in return, agreed to keep their telegraphic communication perfect. This duty, of course, fell to the lot of Jacob; but his experience of railway officials was such that he would rather do anything than encounter them, and invariably returned with a brighter face than he had worn when he had started on some of his expeditions along the line. Railway men, from porters to managers, shared his vocabulary of vituperation with telegraph clerks; and silver-laced uniforms of the Northshire Railway Company roused him as a red rag does a mad bull. "An ill-conditioned, drunken fellow," you say. Exactly so; but a good workman, and one that suited us.

One August evening, this worthy presented himself before me in a state of beery excitement, and having been informed that there was no need for his services, departed evidently bent on a debauch. He had scarcely gone when one of our wires ceased working; but as the day's business was done, and we had another wire communicating with the same station, I did not think it worth while to send after him, but left him to find out the fault in the morning. One by one, the clerks took down their hats and departed, and the men on night-duty having come, I locked my desk, and was preparing to go home, when one of the counter clerks informed me that a gentleman wanted me. This gentleman was a clerk from the office of the railway company, to inform me that their tunnel wire had ceased working; that the traffic was in consequence stopped, and that the matter must be seen to at once. I promised to attend to it immediately, and he went away, saying as he left the office: "Don't lose a minute, for the six o'clock south mail is waiting in the station, and cannot get away."

Snatching up my hat, I ran with all my speed to the dingy public-house which Jacob Voosh made his headquarters; and there, sure enough, I found him in the middle of a group of his cronies, bawling forth a drinking-song, and waving a pint-pot above his head, in tipy illustration of his lay.

"Come, come," I said, "this won't do, Jacob. The railway tunnel-wire has broken, and you must go at once and mend it."

Jacob Voosh put down his pewter, stretched out his legs, thrust his hands deep into his pockets, and with great deliberation answered: "Blest if I do. Shan't stir this night."

"Nonsense," I replied crustily and authoritatively. "It must be done, and you must do it. So come along."

"I tell you," retorted Jacob with greater gravity and emphasis than before, "I shan't go. It's after working-hours. If it had been any of our wires, I'd have gone; but that infernal railway company is always breaking somethin'; and up their dirty, dangerous tunnel I don't go to-night. You can tell them that from me, if you like."

I did not insist further, for I saw that the man was more than half drunk, and perfectly incapable of doing the work required. So instead of sending the railway company his message, I prepared to go myself. Having donned an old coat, and seized the few tools I thought necessary, I set out for the station.

I was in no very good humor as I traversed the few streets which separated me from the terminus. I had been looking forward to a quiet walk in the evening, and I was annoyed at losing it; I was disgusted at Jacob Voosh for getting drunk, and I was provoked at having to do disagreeable work. The tunnel was, as Jacob had said, both dirty and dangerous, and was as nasty a piece of excavation as ever had been planned and completed by human ingenuity. It was situated close to the station, and my acquaintance with it had hitherto been confined to contemplating it from the platforms, or passing through it in the trains, and I was not at all gratified by the prospect of penetrating it on foot. Had it been an ordinary, level, respectable tunnel, such as we are accustomed to now-a-days, I should not have cared; but it was an antique affair of enormous length, and was constructed on a steep incline; so that it was necessary to raise and lower trains through it by means of endless wire ropes worked by a stationary engine at the other end. Hence the necessity for perfect telegraphic communication between the station and the engine-house, and hence the anxiety to have the broken wire mended at once.

When I got to the terminus, the station-master was extremely glad to see me, and handing me a lamp, started me on my solitary way. I thought at the time that he might have sent some one to accompany me; but as he did not volunteer any such escort, I proceeded alone.

The further I went, the less I liked it. For the first hundred yards or so, while the daylight

lasted, it was endurable; but as the tunnel curved away into the earth, and the little ring of light at the entrance was no longer discernible, a dreadful feeling of loneliness and a sort of buried-alive sensation crept over me. I wished that I had never undertaken the task, but since I had done so, I determined to accomplish it. The lamp which I carried gave me barely sufficient light to see my way, for the dull-colored earth and the sooty roof and walls of the tunnel drank in its feeble rays. Still I plodded on, following the shining rails and the rusty wire ropes, and every now and then stopping to test the tunnel-wire, only to find the communication perfect. At last, after a long and weary tramp, a pale glimmer of sunlight appeared in the distance, and I hurried on toward it, fancying that I had reached the other end, and that there was no break in the tunnel-wire after all. I soon reached the speck of daylight, and found myself, not in the outer world, but at the bottom of a ventilating shaft. This shaft was neither more nor less than a huge chimney to permit the escape of the smoke and steam which gathered in the tunnel; but it had a visible connection with the world above ground, and I was glad to see the bright autumn sky at the top once more. For a minute or two I stood gazing at the begrimed walls, down which the setting sunbeams struggled, and then once more plunged into the darkness.

Now the way became more hideous and difficult than before. The soil above seemed to be damp, and water oozed drippingly through the brick roof, and ran in great sooty streaks into putrid side-drains. These drains sent forth a nauseous smell, and swarmed with bloated water-rats, which scampered into their holes as I approached the walls, and peered out at me as I applied my testing apparatus to the telegraph wires. The loathsome brutes, used to the thundering rush of locomotives, treated me with contemptuous curiosity. A damp and chilly wind blew through the tunnel, and, to add to my troubles, the permanent way was under repair. The shingle had been thrown out from between the sleepers, and lay in loose heaps in the six-foot space, rendering walking difficult and slow. Still I plodded on, and at length found what I had so long and diligently sought.

The obstruction was as simple as could well be conceived, and needed no complicated doctoring. Some one of the plate-layers, more ignorant than the rest, had, for convenience, hung his pickax upon two of the telegraph wires, and when his day's work was done, had gone home, leaving them pressed together, and consequently useless. I removed the pickax, straightened out the wires, and began to retrace my steps. I had not gone very far, when, on putting my hand by chance into my pocket, I discovered to my great delight that it contained my pipe and tobacco-pouch. "Now," thought I, "I shall not be suffocated by the stench of these abominable drains." I filled the pipe, and ransacked my pockets for a vesuvian, but in vain. Still, I had the lamp, and, opening the door of it, in a couple of puffs, had the tobacco in a glow. Just as I was about to close it again, a gust of the raw, cold wind came, put out the light, and left me alone in the darkness.

For a moment I was stupefied, but not alarmed. I felt that I had got into a nasty scrape, and must get out of it as quickly as possible. That was all. So still swinging the dark lamp in my hand, and smoking my pipe, I resumed my journey stationward. For the first few paces I clambered easily over the shingle, but by-and-by, as it became looser, I stumbled, and at last straying from the path, fell heavily among the exposed sleepers. My fall stunned me a little, but did not dishearten me. I made up my mind to try again, and try I did in every way that human ingenuity could devise. I attempted to step from sleeper to sleeper, but only to slip between them. I endeavored to walk along the up-line which was not being repaired, but the ropes tripped me and threw me down. I stepped over the rope, and essayed to guide myself by the wall, but I splashed into the loathsome drain at its foot. And, as a last expedient, I again resorted to the loose earth in the six-foot space, only to lose my footing as before. Finding at last that I could make nothing of it, I sat down among the pebbles, resolved to await patiently the coming of the rescue-party, which I felt sure would be dispatched when my prolonged absence became alarming.

A sickening, wretched loneliness crept over me, sometimes leaving me for a little while, and then returning with redoubled power. I tried to drive it away and be hopeful; but as I mechanically puffed at my pipe, a series of ghostly figures possessed my imagination in spite of myself. I saw my two night-clerks swiftly writing as the instruments clicked off the messages. I beheld Voosh in the dingy public-house, quaffing foaming draughts from his pewter, and rapidly advancing toward senseless drunkenness; I pictured my father reading and resting by his great country fireside after the labors of the day, and I followed my paunchy landlady as she moved about grumbling at my delay. But I was only interested in them in as far as they were connected with myself. Danger had made my thoughts selfish, and as I fancied them at their ordinary occupations, my constantly recurring thought was: "How surprised and anxious they would be if they knew that I am sitting in the dark on the damp earth in the middle of the Northshire Railway Company's tunnel!"

Then my brain conjured up another set of phantoms. I beheld the station platform, on which the officials paced up and down, wondering at my stay. I saw the south mail standing in the station—the steam hissing from the engine, the men waiting for the signal to start, and the passengers thrusting their heads out of the windows and grumbling at their detention. I watched the gathering of the search-party, I contemplated it as it set out, and I almost fancied that I heard the shouts of the men as they traveled the road I had

already come—when a sound broke upon me which filled me with an awful fear.

Slowly at first, and then more quickly, the wire ropes began to run over the grooved guiding-wheels, and as I heard them clang in their narrow sockets, I knew that I had been forgotten, and that the traffic was resumed. Instinctively I turned to flee—but where? This horrible tunnel, which seemed likely to be my grave, had none of the little retreats so common in those of modern days, or if it had, I had not noticed them, and could never find them by groping in darkness. Were I to move in search of a refuge, I would most likely be caught and killed by the rusty rope, which was rushing over the wheels with the speed of the wind. My one poor chance of safety consisted in remaining where I was until the train passed, and then making my way forward when the tunnel should again be empty. So I sat down to wait.

Brought to a sore extremity by the debauchery of a drunken fool—alone in the darkness with Death, while the young blood was coursing through the veins and life was sweet—would you not have cursed the cause of your misfortune, and prayed to be saved from such an awful fate? I madly did both, heedless of the contradiction between them. But the danger was drawing near, and I braced myself up to meet it. I had heard railway men say that the safer plan was to turn the face and not the back to a passing train; so I now eagerly peered into the darkness to discern the first approach of the coming peril. Far in the gloom through which I had come I thought I saw a speck of light, but fancied myself mistaken, when, on turning my head the other way, I beheld a bright and increasing light in the distance. Once more I looked stationward, and found to my horror that I had not deceived myself, for the light in that direction had grown full and clear.

A train was coming either way, and all hope left me. I sprang to my feet, but I had no expectation that I should be saved, and for a moment thought of throwing myself before the wheels and ending all. Already I seemed to feel myself caught by the buffers or dashed to death by some projecting lamp-iron, and with the calmness of despair awaited my fate. How slowly it came, though it traveled like lightning! And what a tide of remembrances of home and loved ones, and the sweetness of life, rushed through my brain, as I stood on that heap of earth! But it was not for long. The lights seemed suddenly to spring forward. I saw the dark outlines of the engines lighted up by their glowing fire-boxes, and the glare from their furnaces. Instinctively I pressed my feet firmly into the shingle, closed my eyes, drew my breath as if to make myself smaller, and uttered a cry of prayer for strength and aid. There was a thunder in my ears, a shaking of the earth, and a hissing chaos all around me. I felt myself awaying from side to side, and in a moment more fell heavily. But as I fell I was safe, and red lights were hastening from me either way into the steamy gloom.

Then I suppose I must have fainted, for I next remember lying at the foot of a heap of earth with my cheek pressed on the cold rail. All was dark and quiet. The rope had ceased to move, and a delicious sense of thankfulness and hope crept over me. I knew that the stillness could not last long; so hastening to avail myself of it, I rose and crept forward as quickly as my bruised limbs would allow. I had traveled, as nearly as I could guess, about a hundred yards, when again the rope began to move, and I stood and waited. But this time I had not the same chilling fear, for I thought it unlikely that two trains would again pass me at the same time, and the danger I had escaped made me confident. Once more, the distant light appeared and grew in size; but now there was no light in the opposite direction, and I crept down to the edge of the safe rails, and watched the engine dropping cinders, and the brightly lit carriages as they approached, dashed past, and disappeared. When they were gone, I suddenly recollected my testing instrument, and remembered the use it might have been to me; but in my groping I had dropped it, and now only held the dark lamp. Still grasping it, I pushed forward.

How long I played at this game of hide-and-seek with Death I cannot tell. Train after train came from the blocked-up lines above and from the station below; and as each approached, I slid down to the opposite rails, and watched it until it had vanished. Then I resumed my weary, weary walk.

At last, the sickly daylight at the bottom of the ventilating shaft came into view. As I had come, I had been glad to see this place; but now I hailed it as a haven of rest and safety. The light was dim, but it was daylight, which I had never hoped to see again. The walls were damp and dirty; but they were far from rails and ropes, and near them I could be secure.

Again the wheels were clanging in their sockets, as the ropes sped over them; but now that I could see, I sprang over both, and leaned myself against the sooty wall. In a minute or two, a heavy train shot out into the light, and then again plunged into the tunnel. After that, there was a long pause. I expected that the ropes would begin to run again, but they never stirred. But although they were still, I heard the heavy panting of an engine slowly laboring up the incline, and making the arched roof echo. At length it crept out of the gloom, and stopped before me. I was saved!

Eager faces were looking over the side, and ere the wheels had ceased to revolve, the burly station-master sprang to the ground. I smiled as best I could, and tried to rise, but my bruises had become stiff, and I found it impossible.

"Don't stir, sir," exclaimed the station-master.

"For God's sake, don't stir!"

Then he lifted me up in his arms, and turned to the stoker.

"Bill, knock the head off that bottle of brandy, and give me some of it in your tin!"

Bill did as he was bid, and the generous liquor quickly brought back my stagnating energies. Refreshed and strengthened, I was able to use my limbs somewhat, so that with the aid of my rescuers I was soon seated on the footplate of the engine. As we moved off, I heard the station-master begin to tell me why I had been lost, and how I came to be found.

He had waited for me until he imagined I must either have left the tunnel by the upper end, or have gone home through the station unperceived. Then he had dispatched his long-delayed mail, and had thought no more about me, until the guard of the last down-train had told him that there was a ghastly man at the ventilating shaft. In a moment, the true state of the case flashed upon him. He ran to the refreshment-room, got a bottle of brandy, unhooked the engine from a train ready to start, and came in search of me.

I heard him say all this, and in a sort of way understood him; but my thoughts were busy, and as his voice was drowned in the rattle of the wheels, I buried my face in my hands, and poured out my whole soul in thanksgiving.

When we reached the station, the cabmen and porters gave me a lusty cheer; and the folks in the train stared at the scared-looking man who was the object of their welcome. Many willing hands helped me to descend, and supported me to a cab, in which I was sent home under the charge of a ticket-collector, who presented me tattered and dirty, bruised and bleeding, to the gaze of my astonished landlady, as the August sun was setting.

Jacob Voosh was very penitent when he heard the story, and showed his penitence by being moderate in his libations for at least a whole week; but I made a vow that I would never become an amateur linesman, and I have kept it. A sound sleep, and a little subsequent nursing, soon restored me to my usual health and nerve; but to this day, I keep as far as I can from trains in motion, and have a horror of tunnels.

THE UNION HOTEL, SARATOGA, N. Y.

To the fashionable American world, and to most of those who for health, or recreation, pay their yearly visits to the famed watering-places of this country, the Union Hotel at Saratoga is almost as familiar as home itself. The Leland Brothers, who have not their peers on this continent in the management of first-class hotels, have applied all the resources of their taste, their judgment and experience, in rendering the Union an establishment irresistibly attractive to the traveling public that aspires to the enjoyment of the best accommodation at that locality, so celebrated for its health-giving waters and its scenic and social delights. The hotel, erected and furnished at a cost of more than half a million of dollars, covers an area of more than seven acres. The recent improvements upon the property have greatly enhanced its value, and it has now few rivals in the world, in regard to elegance, convenience, dimensions, and the appliances of comfort and luxury. The Union Opera House, attached to the establishment, was erected by the Lelands at a cost of \$60,000, and, with a capacity for accommodating 1,500 persons, is one among the many attractive features of the place.

The dining-room of the Union is a marvel in its spaciousness, its graceful decorations, and the perfection with which all the details of the machinery of that department are managed. It gives sitting room to 1,000 persons, while, by the addition of the north piazza, there are ample accommodations for 400 more. There are 737 rooms in the Union, many of them in suits for the use of families, and all of them pleasant, roomy, and furnished with all the essentials of comfort. The buildings are illuminated with gas, and are surrounded by a beautiful park, in which, beneath the shade of stately elms, the guests can roam or sit, in the enjoyment of the most delightful contrasts to the heat and annoyances of city life. The popularity of the Union and of the Lelands has been so long established, that it is not necessary for us to say that this magnificent hotel is, at this season, the favorite resort of the beauty and fashion congregated at Saratoga.

ANOTHER "WILD MAN."

THE following is an extract from a letter, dated Manitou Island, Lake Michigan, June 10th:

"In Lake Michigan, between fifty and sixty miles from Sleeping Bear Point, is a cluster of islands called Manitou. There are four of them, and they have been used by the Indians as their homes during the fishing season for many years. When, in the progress of time, the white men filled the whole country, the Indians took their departure, and ever since the islands have been inhabited by lumbermen and fishermen. Early this spring I, with others, took up my abode upon one of the islands, and intended to remain here all the season. Some ten days ago one of the party started for the little Manitou, one of our group of islands, about four miles distant from one on which we are encamped. He returned about three o'clock in the afternoon, and related that, after he had landed upon the island, he heard what he supposed was a man hallooing loudly as though in distress, that he proceeded to the spot from whence the noise seemed to come, and when within ten or fifteen feet of it, he said, he saw a form that had an appearance of a man, at least eight feet tall, entirely naked, with his body covered with hair. His face had the appearance of intellectuality, his brow being quite high. His beard descended nearly to his stomach, and his hair was disheveled and coarse. As the monster saw the approach of my informant, he gave a loud shriek, and at once fled. Knowing that it would be impossible to overtake him, my friend returned to his boat and came home."

"After relating his story, we held a consultation, and decided to make up a party on the next day, return to the island, and hunt the monster up. At ten o'clock we landed on the island and commenced our search. In choosing our positions I took that which led to the western shore of the lake. I had not proceeded far, when I beheld the unknown sitting on the beach, washing his feet in the pure water of the lake. I approached him gently, and hoped to be able to capture him without trouble, but when within at least twenty feet of him, he heard me approaching, and at once springing to his feet, commenced to run. I fired upon him with my gun, but failed to bring him down. I then endeavored to overtake him, but my efforts were fruitless. The rest of the party were not able to get sight of him, and it is as yet unknown where he succeeded in hiding."

"We start out to-morrow again in the hopes of catching him, and, if possible, in finding out who he is, or what he is. There is a story afloat among the older fishermen of the island that, some twenty years ago, a woman lost a child here about four years old, that every effort was made to find it, but that all the efforts were unsuccessful, and the bereaved mother at last came to the conclusion that her boy had been stolen and carried off by some one of the wandering tribes of Indians then inhabiting the islands. As I said before, we start out to-morrow in search of the strange character, and I will, as soon as possible, give you the result of our trip. Yours, J. R. ANDERSON."

LEFT HAND PENMANSHIP.

THE late civil war in our country has afforded numerous examples of the ability, heroism, and resources of the American volunteer, in all that belongs to noble daring, self-sacrificing devotion, and patient endurance under suffering. But the close of the war, and a return to the duties of citizenship, call for the exercise of the same virtues in other relations and responsibilities. The condition of these brave men is, in thousands of instances, made more embarrassing, and calls for a firmer heroism, than when in the field. The one-armed or one-legged man, in many cases, must begin life in a new occupation in order to maintain himself,

allay the first symptoms of discontent; putting your trust in that strong arm, which can supplement every weakness.

With much respect & sincerely
A true truly yours
W. O. Bourne
Maj. Gen. Val.

Anything, therefore, that aims to meet these conditions, and to stimulate, encourage and reward our disabled volunteers, is worthy of popular appreciation and regard.

Among the expedients adopted, there are none more original or interesting, relating to the moral and intellectual, as well as material interests of our soldiers, than that which we have chosen as the subject of the accompanying illustration—the penmanship of soldiers and sailors who lost their right arms during the war.

In order to encourage those who had been thus dis-

Durrah, of Philadelphia, for legible and superior business penmanship.

In addition to these prizes, \$500 additional were distributed, in sums of \$25 and \$20 each, for literary merit and ornamental penmanship.

A number of the contributors and others called for a second opportunity to compete, and in 1867 Mr. Bourne offered a second series of prizes, consisting of ten premiums, of \$50 each, to be awarded by General Grant, Admiral Farragut, Lieutenant General Wm. T. Sherman, and Major Generals Sheridan, Howard, Hooker,

are among those comprised in Mr. Bourne's collection, and one by a sailor who lost both his arms, the writing being done by holding the pen in his teeth.

We are unable to make detailed notices of the great beauty of some of these specimens, or to do justice to their literary and historic value.

Wm. Oland Bourne, Editor of the *Soldier's Friend*, to whose liberality and taste this unique and remarkable collection of manuscripts is due, proposes to embody them in a handsome volume for publication.

It is perhaps not known to all our readers that Major

Maryland Heights
Old Bolivar Heights Old Jacksonville Fla.
Camp Pineau Fla. Baldwin Fla. Sanderson Fla.
Olustee Fla. Siege and battles of Petersburg from
June 23rd to July 30th 1864. Battle and charge
of Cemetery Hill Va Deep Bottom Va Anant
16 17 and 18. Fort Gilman Va.

Postoffice address
Executive Chamber
Albany
N. Y.

bled to look forward to honorable, self-relying pursuits, the Editor of the *Soldier's Friend*, New York, in 1865, offered a series of prizes for the best specimens of Left-Hand Penmanship. There were four prizes—\$200, \$150, \$100, and \$50. The committee of award consisted of Governor Fenton, Rev. Dr. Bellows, President of the Sanitary Commission, Wm. Cullen Bryant, George Wm. Curtis, Wm. E. Dodge, Jr., Theodore Roosevelt, and Howard Potter—representing the official, literary, and business interests of the country in an eminent degree. The first premium of \$200 was awarded to Franklin H.

Geary, Logan, Meade, and Hancock. These awards have been made, and we give, as a specimen of bold, handsome chirography, the closing lines of the manuscript submitted by Captain Selden C. Clough, now of Albany, in the Executive Department, under Governor Fenton, formerly of the One Hundred and Fifteenth New York Volunteer Infantry. It is a very fine specimen of the forward slope—most of the left-armed corps writing the "back-hand."

Specimens of penmanship by men who have lost two or three fingers of the left hand, as well as their right,

General Howard is one of the "left-armed corps," having lost his right arm at Fair Oaks, 1862. He awarded the prize bearing his name to a Western soldier, in a letter which closes with the lines we have copied.

The collection of Left-Hand Papers made by Mr. Bourne embraces between four and five hundred manuscripts, and is a genuine testimony to the character of our volunteer soldiers. It is the first and only collection of this kind, and is worthy of preservation as one of the peculiar illustrations of our great conflict.

Philadelphia March 26th 1866
Mr W. O. Bourne
Sir
Please favor me with the
February and March copies of the 'Friend'
hoping you are well
I remain truly yours
S. H. Durrah



THE DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR THE PRESIDENCY, NOMINATED BY THE DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION, JULY 9TH, 1868.—SEE PAGE 291.



THE DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR THE VICE-PRESIDENCY, NOMINATED BY THE DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION, JULY 9TH, 1868.—SEE PAGE 291.

COME BACK.

O little feet, that all the day
Danced down the garden-walk at play,
Or pattered softly through the hall,
And came at bed-time to my call,
Why have you gone so far away?
Come back to me this lonesome day.

O merry voice! Your childish words
Were sweeter than the songs of birds;
My heart is tired of silence deep,
So lonesome that I often weep:
Come back, and speak to me, and say
You never more will go away.

O sunlit eyes, whose fringed lid
So much of heaven's own beauty hid,
Come look into my face, and I
Will quite forget to weep or sigh:
Come back, come back, to me to-day—
Come back, to never go away!

Come nestle in my empty arms,
As when, in childhood's vague alarms,
You fled to mother's breast in fear;
Come back, come back and nestle here;
Come back to mother's arms to-day,
And care and pain will go away.

The Romance of the House of Clouds.

CHAPTER I.—ON THE TRAIL.

THERE is a just-discovered mountain in Wales, called by the natives something that sounds more like Leavened Lavender than anything else, and being now under the sun, the tourists are beginning to be quite wild about it. As it is well known that anybody who is anybody must spend the summers traveling, or never show his face in society again, hosts of tired people are always looking about for some fresh spot to tire themselves in anew, that they may go plumed with adventure through the city circles of the ensuing season.

This mountain was thought quite an acquisition some two or three years ago, and the droll Welsh name was a capital one to put, with Li's according to conscience, at the top of letters and diaries. It is better now than ever, having been the scene of a curious drama last summer, which the writer (*a dramatic person*) is fortunately able to report more particularly than the newspapers of the day.

Sheltered between two vast wooded spurs which protrude from the enormous declivity, stands the new hotel, which the sudden popularity of the region threw up, like a mushroom, at the base of the mountain. A smart-looking, cockney affair, of the most arrogant promises and narrow performances, from whose staring, chalky dreariness all arriving travelers shrink with dismay. It is built on a strictly mountainous scale, with great rooms that no furnishing can fill, and long entries that set up feeble echoes when anybody explores them. An intelligent ant, putting up temporarily in a card-board palace on the floor of a drafty playhouse, would be a good figure for any aggrieved sojourner to fling at the landlord when asked if he found himself comfortable.

On the morning when this narrative approaches the hotel in question, a party of English travelers, who had been waiting half a week for the weather, had concluded to attempt the ascent, and the bar-room showed fearful scars of that tornado which accompanies the departure of female guests on any out-of-the-way adventure. There was a pile of knit-jackets on the sideboard, a hat and a botany-box, and a knapsack and a pic, and a hair-brush on the counter, and a small pet dog had nearly emptied on the middle of the floor a great demijohn to which he had been hastily attached, and which he had been tugging at with great tribulation and din ever since.

These thorough-paced tourists had swamped the little bar two days before, declaring it sacrilege to laugh and talk among the cathedral-echoes of the saloon. Their good-natured landlord charged the liberty in the bills and made no complaint, but the barkeeper went nearly crazy listening to the Browning and Carlyle with which the young ladies beguiled the rainy days of imprisonment.

And now their captivity was over, and they in retirement for purposes of incrustable toilet. An elderly gentleman was leaning over the bar, having a flat pocket-bottle filled with something whose pungency flavored the room. His puffy red cheeks and stout figure were British to behold, and his beaming face promised well for his temper: his lip was darkly stained with the mark of a close-shaven beard, but he wore the peculiarity of a delicate whisker on his nose.

"You will find that remarkable comforting, Sir Francis, when you gets a little elevated, and the—"

"A little elevated. H'm! a great assistance, I've no doubt. You speak from experience, of course. I take it for granted you often amuse yourself with a trip to the clouds. How often, now, do you think you've done it?"

"That's easy told, Sir Francis. What figure does the mark of a tumbler make on the counter?"

"I can't see it," said the stout gentleman, staring a great deal too near and very hard through his eye-glasses; "or if I do, it's naught, I suppose. Nothing there, in either case, ha, ha! Is it possible you've never been up?"

"Never up but once, in a dream; and never down but once, in a nightmare. I'd rather any time sit quiet in my shirt-sleeves over a mild brew of tippie, than put the biggest knob in the world under me. Now it's not in my interest, Sir Francis," pursued the man, supporting his vast and flabby arms upon the counter, and lowering his voice confidentially. "to underrate our mountain here, but I'm blessed if any man, seeing, as often as I have, a party come in from that trip in a state which a squeezed lemon wouldn't envy, would

ever care to lift himself to see the roof of this here 'otel."

"Ah, you're a philosopher. I wish you would convince our girls of the righteousness of that verdict," said the baronet, as, hearing their steps upon the stairs, he hastily buttoned his coat around the bottle, and presented to his wards the lopsided figure of an Amazonian archer. "Ah, Giorgio!"

"Don't look so discouraging, pa," pleaded the prettiest of English blondes, proceeding to array herself in one of the fustian jackets on the counter. "Come, wrap this strap all round me, and then buckle it—there'll be a dreadful wind. There, Constance, your roundabout's prettier than mine! Now, pa, if you've fastened the buckle, stand off and see if we don't look irresistible."

And turning a bewitching *vieandiere* costume round and round like a milliner's manikin, she concluded with a courtesy which made her cup rattle against a buckle, and announced herself and her companion as dying to start.

The horses were waiting in the yard. The toughest and ugliest of ponies, they rubbed their stumpy noses together and laid their heads over each other's necks, in the equine manner of fortifying the mind for a tough encounter.

Two or three gentlemen, who were to avail themselves of the baronet's guide, were adjusting telescopes to their shoulders, or strapping shawls to the saddles. To raise the eyes gradually from this foreground scene of busy bustle, over ranks of folded forest growing gradually finer in ascent, to the delicately painted summit soaring over its fleece of woods into its fleece of summer clouds, was to call forth that sigh of delight which a scene of perfect majesty extorts from human lungs.

When the girls at last were comfortably seated, after an inexorable exaction of alterations in girths, padding of side-saddles, lengthening of bridles, and other revolutions in the science of gears which young ladies consider a necessary testimony to their knowledge of equestrianism, their good-natured care-taker placed himself before them, the other gentlemen wheeled into single file behind, and all the party, mankind and horsekind, looked round with one consent for the guide.

Behind them rose the eastern wall of the hotel, white and bare and high; its upper part alone pierced with windows which reminded one of idiots' eyes. At distressingly regular intervals along its base were planted a phalanx of rose trees: and stooping momentarily over one of these, which Georgiana Medwin remembered to have admired for its giant white blooms sown daily with seed-pearls under her window during the past season of rain; pausing as he came to them for a floral favor from this bush, bent a tall figure, relieved in heavy black against the glaring wall.

Something in his gesture, as he straightened himself and addressed his motion to the party, caught the attention of the girls. A trifle of picturesqueness in his dress, it may have been, which set all the old stories of knights in disguise to riding through their heads; but if the form had not been distinct for agility and power, there would have been little in the simple tunic of dark blue cloth, strapped tight around the waist, and the high boots, decorated around the tops with the legend GUIDE, like a new order of the Garter, to catch eyes long used to all the finished poses of fashion. Approaching nearer, he showed his face, the cheeks painted with the alanting sun, and dancing eyes hiding sparks of it like little cups of port wine shaking in the light. Something between the aquiline strength of Saracen beauty and the frank oval of the Greek, the face of this youth, set in its arabesque frame of strong black curls, arrested the eye at first sight, as some pictures do whose balance of light and shade is peculiarly striking and effective.

"How very fortunate," whispered Georgiana, leaning over to touch her cousin's bride hand. "We shall never want a figure to populate the landscape. Something animated, you know, for foregrounds. Isn't he splendid?"

"Yes," said the young lady, whose quiet eyes had been resting contentedly on the figure. "He is like a beautiful horse, or like a moving stag. There, he has passed to the head of the line, and we are going to start, and I am going to fall. I shall never learn to ride on anything but an ostrich. Quadruped motion I think is the most frightful revolution you can have going on underneath you. I cannot tell you, Georgie, how I have dreaded this ride. I feel as if I was over an earthquake. Oh, he is walking off—what shall I do?"

It was in truth her horse who was off, and not herself. No created being but a sweet, domestic coward like Constance Lord could have distrusted the monotonous pace of her steady steed. His great flat hoofs rose and fell, rose and fell, with the lulling regularity of clock-work, and hardly a trace of motion was communicated to the saddle. The gentle rider was fast growing reconciled to her position, when all her fears were set in motion afresh by a wondering exclamation behind her:

"Oh, Constance! Did you ever see anything like it! Only look, my horse is browsing off your horse's tail!"

It was curious, but true; the mobile, bluish nose was active among the sparse growth behind Constance's saddle, and scarce had she heard the warning when she felt a long heave, like a Brighton breaker, agitating the broad back beneath her—a long, yet hasty heave, which shed from the caudal quarters a spray of vindictive kicks that spoiled Cherry's lunch with fatal promptitude.

Cherry bridled his head, and began rotating, as horses will. Merry stood still, his fat sides palpitating with the exertion. The cavalcade was detained. Cherry and Merry, in the chances of the former's revolution, looked at each other with quiet spleen. The ladies screamed a little, Sir Francis rode up with a bustle, but before anything

could be done, the guide had restored Georgiana to the path of rectitude, and was leading Merry and his fluttering burden to the head of the line.

"Those two horses don't agree, ma'am. You had better ride first, and the gentleman after you, and then the young lady and Cherry. You needn't be afraid but what Merry will go very quiet along with me."

It was something to have the services of a prepossessing and decided assistant so near at hand. Constance felt reassured.

"Oh, thank you. I'm such a bad horsewoman, it will be a great relief if you will pick me up every time I fall off, before my uncle treads on me."

What an abyss of truly feminine terror did those half-laughing words reveal! The handsome face turned over the broad shoulder for an instant with a wide and comprehensive stare, then dutifully perused the road.

The party had left the short space of level turn-pike that fell in their way, and were pursuing with noiseless hoof-falls a woodland bridle-path, scarcely broad enough for two beasts to pass. On either side rose the humid columns of the pines, and below them the ground was thickly carpeted with their shining needles. The ascent was mostly gradual and steady, but in some places of more abrupt inclination, the soft wood-soil was confined by logs arranged across the road like the corduroy system of our own West. Principally composed of a commonwealth of evergreens, the forest yet owned the sovereignty of the British oak, and occasionally one of these monarchs, burying its gouty feet in an imperial rug of mosses and fern, would seem, from its rounded, couchant outline, to repose in haughty state, while the slender and upright pines, in soft and tasseled plush, stood with elastic grace around and behind. Pacing slowly thus, in the dank twilight of the woods, the party fell into that silence which sylvan shadows weave. They hardly disturbed the squirrels. There was no view, no suggestion of mountain travel in the closes of the scene. Only, rising with the rising way, a deep-drawn, a pervading and rolling monotone went through the dusky branches with a tale of the ever-free tides that swept the flashing air above.

As they listened to this magnificent chorus, it seemed to change against their ears: sharper sounds writhed through it, and foretold the next feature of the scene. A region of bleached and blasted trunks lay before them, the devastation of unusual frost, creaking in the stress of the strong current of air, and laying upon the dark blue sky their pallid masts, their knotted arms and beaks and hooks, and harboring figures of goblin statuary, for whom the moanings of the wind seemed weird enough to be the voice.

But, though they paused and listened, with uplifted hands, among the skeleton arms—though, with eyes kindling at the haunted suggestions of the place, they leaped from their saddles to hear these coiling voices of desolation—they never heard, and it was strange they never heard, the man who with the patience of the hunter and the stealth of his prey had set his steps upon their steps through all the steady miles of their journey. Following always just within sight, with a grim face full of tenacity and purpose, he passed the flowers they had pulled and cast aside, wet his feet in the mire their horses had trodden, caught the dregs of their voices as they flowed always above him, without a minute's halt since first emerging from behind the tree at the opening of the forest. Now, as they stood, he stood, and drank with them the long wail of the wind, watched with them the shivering skeletons that you could almost fancy moving, moving, with the steady flow of the Mer de Glace, to the brink of some fatal precipice.

"They will soon see me," he said in a low voice, "in the openings of the land. I can't expect to find woods all the way up."

Preparing for his countenance a mask of stolid unconsciousness, he seized his heavy staff with a nervous grip, and got a trifle nearer to the party.

For nearly half a mile the ghostly scarecrows pointed the lonely way, and when at length they gave place to living vegetation once more, it was to a vegetation that plainly indicated the increased elevation, the severer seasons, the rarer air. An unbroken sheet of dwarf spruce, no higher than a man's head, clothed the swelling slopes of the mountain, and climbed in finer tufts of evergreen the winding ridge above. The summit of their destination was now plainly in sight, hanging before them in a middle sky, its ravines and scars penciled in delicate blue shadows, and its bounding lines cut sharp against the exquisite turquoise beyond it. All was beautiful and hopeful, except a downy cap of intense white, which dwelt about the mountain-top—the lightest and loveliest of summer clouds, when viewed from below, but fatal to all sight-seeing if it should still hold its misty veil before the tourists after their ascent. This fair ether hood then naturally became the cynosure of the many eyes that sought the peak from time to time, and on its fortunate lifting success depended and expectancy hung, through the hours of that toilsome clamber. Happy cloud, we say, blessed with the prayers of beautiful eyes, as, poisoning painfully, like a half-filled balloon, it heaved, or like a timorous fledgeling strove to detach its water-clogged plumes from the rude adhesion of the rocks, swaying softly toward the freedom of that abyss of lovely blue, and wafted on its way by the elation of human hopes and the delicious good-speed of musical voices!

The path of the travelers lay along an extended comb or ridge, following and surmounting a chain of minor elevations that led by a colossal series of dippings and ascensions to the ultimate crown of the group. Emerging soon into open and barren ground, their eyes could master the whole altitude of the monstrous Python that lay and clutched the land with its far-spreading spurs, and lifted afar its giant brows to heaven: along its dorsal crest they could see their pathway faintly marked, sinking and reappearing over the tremendous protuberances that led by over-top-

ping spines to its mailed shoulders and to the proud head, that, lifted high above the earth, watched the journey of the sun and affronted heaven.

About an hour and a half after the start, the man who so mysteriously constituted himself the attendant of the expedition, overcoming with weary pain an abrupt eminence, sat him down and watched with oblique eyes a sight that gave him no pleasure. The lofty saddle on which the party were grouped swept down on each side into a monotonous wilderness of scraggy green; and around its skirts, on either hand, the landscape, melted by extreme distance, swam in lakes of airy blue from beneath their feet to the distant circle of the sky. On the edge of a cliff, relieved against the fainting distance, stood the guide, like a graceful statue. His hands were spread toward the horizon, as he pointed out localities to the beautiful riders behind him. Three sweeping plumes of fern, like the feathers of a prince's crest, flowed beside his cap forgotten, as they had been hastily placed for the accommodation of Georgiana Medwin, who had tired with holding them. His lighted face was bent with real affection on the familiar scenery of his daily life, and his iron limbs were planted on the mountain's neck as if he were its lord. The prince of the powers of the air wrestled to overthrow him, in the shape of the strongest blast that ever blew in clear weather; but only gave a severer strength to his pose. The ladies were clinging to their pommels with looks of half-frightened beauty, while all their drapery—unstrapped in the sultriness below—streamed disheveled from their figures, and their hat-brims beat their heads like sails. One of the strange gentlemen, a tall man with full lips and Venetian eyes, was trying in an extremity of difficulty to steady a perspective-glass for Constance Lord. The ruddy baronet, a thoroughbred horseman, had been given up as impracticable by the wind, and passed over the rude stage as calmly as bluff Harry VIII. the Field of the Cloth of Gold: not so his horse, who panted and blamed his stars. As the group paused in admiration, flushed with adventure and brilliant in the colored light, they formed a composition that any painter would have snatched for the foreground of a mountain view. Strange then that so sour a look hung upon the weary face that scrutinized them.

"We are over the earth!" said Georgiana Medwin; "we are like a flock of birds resting on air."

"Say a flock of wild geese," said the bass voice of the baronet.

"Now don't lay yourself open to that charge, papa, by hissing a valuable remark. Confess now, don't you feel a fascination in this giddy height? Aren't you tempted to throw yourself into the arms of the wind, and shoot in circles to the ground like a lark?"

"Can't say that I am. If I were thirty years younger, and the season six months older, I might feel tempted to coast down this slope with a sled: no, on the whole I don't remind myself of a bird, and never did."

"I am a cloud," said Constance, softly. "I think I could easily float away in this wind with the rest of you."

"How lonely and unnatural our voices sound!" said her neighbor of the telescope; "this air is not used to such a burden. It seems to shake from it the unknown weight of human authority. It is for the eagle's wings."

"Not a living creature in sight!" said Georgiana, breathing in the sun-bathed solitude, as she turned her face slowly round. "All this color and brilliancy, and sweep and grace, arranged every day for nobody to see! Not a bird, even. Only—what is that? There is a man."

It is curious what a consternation the quiet figure, whom they would have passed unnoticed two hours before, threw the party into. The gentlemen, to a man, were for making a summary charge upon the motionless object on the rock; but the ladies, with ideas of banditti, opposed such temerity in the most determined manner, and to their alarm it was due that the sensible thing at last was done, and the guide, as gate-keeper to the mountains, sent to interrogate the intruder, watched narrowly from the clustered horses above. They saw him bend his head over the quiet face, and saw the quiet face looking up into the brown eyes. They heard the murmur of the few words exchanged, and then saw the stranger rise, and the two approach them together.

"What does it all mean?" asked Georgiana in a whisper, as the streaming ferns were passing her. "Who is he?"

"He says he's a man of the next village, and wanted to use our party to show him the way up: and being a good walker, didn't seem to care to put himself at the expense of a horse."

"A romantic end to our fright! That is, if it's true!—in a lower voice; and leaning down to the uplifted eyes, "Do you believe it?"

The eyes somehow expressed a doubtful negative, but the head was motionless, so far as the arraigned individual, watching it narrowly from a little distance, could see. Nothing further was said by way of explanation, till the line of march was taken up again, and the guide was stalking on with mighty strides, with Merry's bridle in his hand. The stranger still kept behind and distinct from the party, plodding on with tough perseverance: their path continued along the sharp blade, and made a festoon like a slack rope between two of the subordinate mountains. In the middle and more level part of it, Constance found herself comparatively at ease, and able to sound her conductor as to their new companion's account of himself.

"Is it probable—do you believe it?"

"It can't all be true, miss. I'll lay a pound he isn't from any neighborhood within sixty miles from here. It's not hard to tell a Welshman."

"He doesn't look like a man who would fancy traveling for its own sake."

"That's pretty plain, miss. He's not a gentleman, and yet not a laboring man—though he looks coarser at a distance than when you're near

enough to see his skin. I wonder if he thinks there is anything to be made off the rocks on the Dome yonder. Whatever he makes, his sixteen shillings a day for boarding at the 'House of Clouds' will eat it up pretty fast. I own I didn't like the looks of him," he continued, glancing distrustfully round; "he couldn't fix his eyes on a person, but looked mostly out at the sky. I fancied he was most particularly gruff to me, on my own account, somehow—but I declare I never saw him before."

The narrow plateau now began to ascend. The rocks, roughly crumbled in the original upheaval of the chain, were altogether bare of soil, and presented a terrible path, fanged with boulders of all sizes, from a keg to an elephant, flung together with a little "arrangement" as a bag of game-cocks would assume. A certain bruised and whitish appearance, hardly distinct enough to appear to stranger eyes, indicated the route over the least aggravated of these asperities, and might be faintly seen for some little distance ahead. No one could have found the way without the leadership of the guide. As for him, his fine agility developed as the road grew angrier—poising his arms like wings as he rose among the crags, and ever and anon setting him in some attitude of startling grace as he would bound with dancing feathers from an eminence into the sky, or descend with airy balance a stony scale of steps, with the fair green flames streaming up from his hair. And now, too, the virtues of the homely little horses began to come out in strong relief.

They never made a misstep, never slipped, never gagged at an obstacle. In spite of her terror, Constance could not help being amused at the versatility of Merry's resources, displayed, like Richelieu's, in crisis and exigencies. Now a great round boulder, as big as his body, would stand defying him like a Philistine in the steep path; a wise moment of motionless deliberation would ensue, after which the undaunted beast would plant its fore-hoofs firmly on its shoulders, and just as Constance believed herself sliding into the valley down his tail, like a bubble along the Staubach, the wiry body would resume its horizontal, and with an indescribable scramble taking place among the muscles behind her, she would find herself in a position of safety on the top of the crag, and her hackney addressing himself to dangers now, without waiting for a word of commendation. Again, in a temporary descent, a smooth slab would slope before her at a hideous angle, into a bed of dragon's teeth waiting for her with grinning expectancy. Another moment of calculation would occur at the top, when the flexible shoulders would go down with a little shock, and with mincing, dancing steps, and a composite slide, gallopade and worm-fence movement, the admirable creature would work himself to the bottom without losing his balance or self-possession for an instant.

"I must secure a lock of Merry's mane," said Constance Lord.

For three hours more, with little variation, they pursued the very uneven tenor of their way. One by one, with slow difficulty, the vast knobs were conquered, the travelers finding themselves with each ascension a little higher over the world. Still the brutes picked their judicious way untired, and still the Swiss beauty of the guide accented the dull road before them with an image of energy and power. The prospect retired further and mingled more; the steeples and tablelands, the rudeness and barbaric strength of the world, gathered round them the folded films of dream, of mirage; more and more unreal as they rose appeared the earthly life over which they soared so easily.

Another change, so gradual that they only appreciated by degrees, was that of climate.

"We are crossing the seasons," said the tall gentleman, to Constance Lord, whom he seemed to address by preference. "You remember how the dank breath of summer cloyed the woods at our start, and how autumnal we thought the cold voices of the wind among the higher pines. Here we feel the rough wild air of March, and we shall reach winter at the top. If we could command their gradation as swiftly as the birds, we should be aware of all the climates piled in rings round yonder glorious mountain—almost the tropics at his feet, desolate Norway and the enduring November of Patagonia where the cold surf of air beats his sides, here the exuberance of our own English spring, when we hunt the mayflower, while his grand dumb head is whitened every night with the rime of winter."

So rapid in fact was the transition he spoke of, that October, and November, and December, all flew past them in the space of half an hour on the current of the intense and penetrating wind. The blankets had long been unstrapped from the saddles and hung in Indian folds from the shoulders of the cavalcade. Aching now with the chill, they would often descend from horseback and pick their way over the uncertain blocks, while the animals filed on, nimble and relieved. At their sides they saw the final vegetation, a tough matted plant, bearing a pretty pink flower, and growing so evenly along the slopes as materially to soften their rugged outline, and where it ceased, the ascension of "the Dome" began—a well-defined mound, six hundred feet in height, of symmetrically arched outline, composed entirely of naked rocks of every size, hurled together in the most reckless disorder, and bearing the scars of all the long winter that had been gnawing at them since the creation. Mounting their refreshed steeds where this savage scene began, they addressed themselves to the steepest ascent that had tried them yet, the ringing wind assailing them with Titan merriment, and laughing a piercing music as it set itself to tear them from the world.

CHAPTER II.—THE HOUSE OF CLOUDS.

At high noon of that summer day, while the inferior world basked in fullness of light and warmth, a dejected and shivering band rode eagerly into a rude enclosure, which, heavily litting their be-

numbed eyelids, they met in that spirit of cheerless satisfaction with which people sick of the present greet any landmark in their course. A sense of insecurity haunted these upper realms. The frenzied torrent of the air sweeping upon them made a mockery of even the solid blocks which it seemed to be digging away from under their feet, and if they but raised their eyes from these, instead of the comfortably fixed surroundings which we depend upon with daily satisfaction, the sight plunged aghast into a gulf of air, faintly painted with the outlines of a lower world, and even that landscape seeming to rock into fluctuations in the giddy wind. The embrasure was real enough at any rate, being built of undressed rocks of the most matter-of-fact and concentrated density, roughly thrown up in the form of an elongated C, as if some hermit Druid of the old days had bequeathed his cell of monstrous architecture to the modern tourist. And its harsh stones, and the brother-stones that lay around it and composed the summit, were dark and dripping with the chilly dew they had gathered from the cloud—that glorious cloud of fleeces, which, turned to dismal muck at their approach, was seen ponderously rolling just over their heads, detached at last, after having licked all night its jagged bed with alime.

"Dear me," sighed Georgiana Medwin, promptly repenting of the alacrity with which she had accepted the retreat; "is this the House of Clouds?"

"Oh, no, miss," answered the guide, as he busied himself in helping her down. "This is only a shelter for the horses in dry weather. They've got to stay here to-night. You can easily find the house; it's a little bit further on, and the path's plain enough."

"You must be completely petrified!" said the tall gentleman, to Constance, as he came to assist her. "The air is so—. Why, good heavens, my dear sir, your niece seems overcome with the cold; she does not move, and her face is like marble."

The guide and Sir Francis hurried up to the patient sufferer, whom they found lying across the stranger's knees, her eyes closed and her breath fluttering.

"A little spirits would help her. I don't often come up without them, but to-day—, well, we must get her into the house to the fire as quick as possible."

"Wait a moment," said the baronet, producing his flask, and in the act reducing his breast to the symmetrical proportions of a man; "let her take house and fire by installments; she will find both in this. Here is the first," measuring off the cap-full, and turning it into her mouth; "here's the second; and the third I beg to offer you, my dear sir, with my gratitude for your kind attention; and the balance I am willing to trust to our prudent guide. And now, sir, if you'll be so good as to help me along with the child, you'll add another to your favors."

HOUSE OF CLOUDS.

Lifting the latch, they were ushered, without any mitigatory vestibule or anteroom, into a low cell of twelve by eight, which they appropriated with no more critical examination than assured them it contained a stove. Even Georgiana required some little assistance in placing herself in a chair by the friendly warmth, and her cousin being thus left in the care of the gentlemen, her companion of the ride had the honor of tending one alabaster foot and chafing it gently in his hands.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but perhaps I can do that better than you," said a clear voice; and looking up, he saw a handsome English girl of twenty, in within-doors costume, looking on with an interested face. Resigning, not very willingly, his fortunate prize, he watched her from behind the stove bestowing her graceful service, the pure color mounting in her cheeks as she bent to her office under the fire of his penetrating eyes.

When his exhaustive gaze had reckoned fully the details of this new article of upholstery—the braids of bright brown hair, the half-tamed eyes dropped beneath their dark lashes, the healthy complexion, and the native grace, which made a surprising and delightful poem in the unpromising abode—he turned it to command the general aspect of the room. The ceiling was so near his head that he involuntarily bent his shoulders, and this, like the walls, was dressed with white canvas strained across it, and tufted into the recesses between the rafters and the chinks among the unplastered rocks. Three or four windows, streaming with damp, pierced the deep squat walls, the white arras rudely fitted around them. The two sides which were not the external wall harbored a row of doors, garnished with wall paper like the partition they perforated, that seemed as if they might communicate with a row of closets or state-rooms. In this homely but comfortable apartment the heroes and heroines of the expedition were scattered; the men brushing their hair in turn before a hanging glass, with that innate dandyism which obtains on the tops of mountains as everywhere else—if there is anything feminine (with an eye)—though it be but a cambric needle—in sight; while the girls, exhausted, yielded themselves to the hands of their beautiful maid of honor.

"Ah, now, you look much better," she said, attentively regarding her handiwork. "You feel a great deal better, don't you, now?"

"Oh, yes, thank you. I'm quite well, I believe, only weak. I was completely exhausted with the cold. Uncle's cup of water revived me, I think. I should have fallen from the horse in another minute. Ah, what a delightful fire!"

Her recovery was rapid, the swoon having been

a temporary effect of the bleak and thin atmosphere. In five minutes her uncle was rallying her unmercifully about the cup of water, and she accepted his fun with her natural quiet smile.

"I think a little refreshment, ma'am, will be all you need to set you up again. Dinner is only waiting for you."

"Ah, that's prime!" said the baronet, with one of his ringing ha, ha's. "I will undertake to administer the estate, real and personal, of any suddenly deceased chick, squab, or lambkin, that may have sought these dreary wilds to die. Come, Constance, let me observe from your mouth the epitaph of a round dozen of round murphies. There's not quite enough rouge on you yet to satisfy me."

And the party, discovering suddenly that they were unbouderly hungry, marched triumphantly behind their rosy guide to the dining-room, an apartment very similar to the one they left.

The upper end of a long permanent table, laid out to accommodate any possible tale of arrivals, was set with smoking fare. The landlord, a silent, wooden individual, dealt the rations, and handed them to the brown-haired maid, who combined the services of hostess and waiter. A curious little man, with dry, yellow hair, and a complexion that matched it so well, that he seemed to emulate tea-paper in sunburn, tanning himself scrupulously up to tint like a dyer, sat opposite the tall bearer of the telescope, and made himself useful in passing plates. The meal would have seemed tame if it had been just like any five shilling luncheon you can get thousands of feet lower down in the scale of creation; and the wild honey went very well with the mutton, for jelly, and the anachronism of sweet biscuit among the potatoes, and creamless coffee with the champagne, gave a sort of nomadic disorder to the repast, and obtained a ready pardon from the adventurers.

About the middle of the meal an event occurred.

The beautiful frank face was bending over the baronet's shoulder, with some momentous question about his choice of coffee or tea. Georgiana, sitting opposite, saw among the heavy plaits of hair a magnificent white rose, in perfect keeping, hung with sparkling dew. No such lovely wonder bloomed among those angry rocks. It was a rose from that tree she had seen day after day swinging in the rain under her window at the great hotel, over which the guide had bent that morning, and delayed their start. With a woman's rapid instinct she recognized the flower, and knew all, and sent a gentle feminine blessing after the lovers.

The valor of hunger drooped slightly, and tongues began to find other employment than rolling boluses of nutriment.

"Here we sit feasting, we Olympians," said Sir Francis Medwin, idly poising a bit of bacon on a scantily-plated fork, "atop of the world. I begin to feel a divinity stirring within me which I never suspected before. Hebe, there—a little of that nectar, from under the yellow seal."

"Ah, what a delightful idea!" exclaimed Georgiana. "Bear with me, great father Jove, if I take the liberty of displacing your glass, which you shall not have yet, and proffering this excellent ambrosia, called of mortals gravy. A soupçon—come, shake your ambrosial curls, and give the nod. By the silver crescent with which I pinned my shawl this morning, you shall not refuse this unction for your steak!"

"Dian, huntress chaste and fair," said her father, with solemnity, "the decrees are already uttered, and the three stringy sisters, or what you call them, have said it, and I have cried Konx Ompace, and it is fixed. I am to measure throats with this long-limbed deity"—bowing majestically to the stranger—"if he will allow me to touch his glass and call him by name."

"Ah, well," responded the challenged telescopic traveler, leaning easily forward to comply with the request; "my pony's name was Dolphin—I am Arion, at your service."

The thin rims clicked, and the healths were drunk.

"What earthly painters imagine, in the frescoes of banquetting-halls, are we," continued the Thunderer, with a delicate heading of champagne upon that hirsute nose he bore. "Beneath us the panoramic climes repose. The fields and woods send up a graceful tribute to this our steaming altar. Ah, boar of the Cretan wilds—many and invigorating have been the years of thy wandering, ere thou gavest thy strenuous side to our forks. Surely Adonis knew thee two thousand years ago."

Arion leaned politely toward Constance, saying, as he passed a dish:

"Receive, O Immortal, this tablet on which I break the streaming comb, just culled from Hymettus. May I know to what celestial name I tender it? so shall fresh garlands adorn thine altar, and the choirs of youths send up a blended sound with the strings of my horned lyre."

"Oh, I don't know who I named," pleaded the surprised divinity, in some confusion. "My wings are hardly budded—I will be poor Psyche, if you please, scarcely admitted to the community of the Immortals—she fainted on the threshold, if I remember. But I will take a little honey, thank you."

"Oh, latest-born and loveliest vision far,"

the lyrist's thoughts went singing, but in silence,

"Of all Olympus' faded hierarchy—
Yes; even in these days, so far retired
From happy pieties, thy lucent fans
Fluttering among the faint Olympians
I see—"

His eyes swam over her, dilated. It was embarrassing. Wishing to change the subject, she asked—literally "through bubbled honey":

"Do you know what has become of our singular follower?—he is not at table, I think."

"Ah, true," said he, rapidly commanding with his eyes the few additional tourists who have no figured in this narrative. "Our unbidden companion—the toiling mortal who dogged our ascen-

tion—our Ixion who was bound to the wheel, I've no doubt in infancy; Ixion certainly—punished by anticipation. What fate has finished him?"

"Not finished, I suspect," said Sir Francis. "I hear footsteps above. I presume he is embracing clouds on the roof."

"Ah, can you go to the top of the house!" exclaimed Georgiana—we mean Di-ana—to the wondering Hebe, who, following the startling conversation, half at a loss and all at a venture, stood a very beautiful picture of curiosity. "That would be splendid!"

"Yes, ma'am, there is no great difficulty—gentlemen always go up."

"The tin will be flattered to bear you," said the baronet, with Jovian gallantry; "Diana knows a thousand roofs—the roof knows but one Dian."

Resting luxuriously around the fragments of their festival, they tossed the light classic pretense about, with such readiness as they had. The romantic position gave a color of poesy to their thoughts.

"Ah, this is empire, this is apotheosis," pursued the baronet, leaning back in his chair, like a monarch of the hovel he surveyed. "Here I can grasp my thunder and fulminate tranquilly at the earthly affairs I have abandoned. When I was a mortal, and in the flesh, I was eaten by poor relations and lawuits. A month ago I was borne against my will to the Cave of Æolus. I thought then it was a court of equity, but I know better to-day—it was the gusty Cave of Æolus. His impertinent myrmidons, like the gales in the fable, would have been glad to get the coat from my back, and the waistcoat also. There's a cavern, deep sunk in rocky walls. The light of day (and common sense) never pierces its inexplicable obscurity. Innumerable wind-bags, very loosely tied up, and individually leaky, bounce against each other in the gloom, which no mortal can see through. Their flatulent bellies I was made to fill. I heard their rumbling tones escape—(do you think they knew what they were blowing about? Bless you, no!)—I could hear them war vaguely in the echoing recesses of the vault. But their burden was an unknown speech. I comprehend it better to-day."

"And I," said the self-christened Arion—"I was a sweating gladiator in the arena of literature. As many as three publishers have borne down upon me at once, while seven poets whom I had offended were let loose, screaming upon me from the gates of seven literary cliques. Meanwhile, my young barbarians were all at torture in hostile magazines, exposed to the mutilations of printers' devils. What wars I have waged, what causes have I supported as hotly—and Moxon knows as ignorantly—as any feudal baron. How the quills flew! what acrid pens have I plunged into defenseless invaders whom I had nothing personally against! What flocks of geese have torn, I may say, their own pinions to pieces to shatter upon me! Through the window over your head, Miss Lord, like a fluttering cinder in the burning light, I see the world. An azure veil would be more real and believable than that floated landscape. I have read its leaf, and given it to the flames, and it wavers down to nothingness. All that was solid yesterday is an exhalation now; what seemed craggy hills and rooted forests I find but ripples in the Brahmic river that encircles our abode. Deep in Lethe I have plunged my stylus. Apollo seems to-day my brother, instead of my god. Yes, we are the Olympians—

For they lie beside their nectar, and the bolts are hurled
Far below them in the valleys, and the clouds are lightly curled
Round their golden houses, girdled with the gleaming world;
Where they smile in secret, looking over wasted lands,
Blight and famine, plague and earthquake, roaring
deeps and fiery sands,
Clanging fights, and flaming towns, and sinking ships,
and praying hands.
But they smile, they find a music centred in a doleful
singing
Steaming up, a lamentation and an ancient tale of
wrong,
Like a tale of little meaning, though the words are strong."

He uttered the lines with imaginative luxury, still caressing the prospect with his eyes; and gently touching the champagne glass with his fork where he wanted emphasis, he made the poem sound in the ears of Georgiana and Constance like some peculiar and delicate musical composition.

THE HEAD DANSEUR AT MABILLE.—A strange history is told of Clodoche, the extravagant dancer of the Mabille. He was, at the outset of life, an undertaker. Devoted to boasting, he gave all his leisure hours to the car, and belonged to a crew which frequently won purses in races. One day, when his boat was entered for a valuable cup, he was unable to get leave of absence. A baby had died in a hospital, and he must carry it to the graveyard. Nobody came to the baby's funeral. Clodoche put the little coffin under his arm and set out for the graveyard. What harm was there in going to see the boat race? He had no sooner appeared on the river's bank than his comrades shouted for him. How he must! The honor of the boat depended on him! He refused, and explained his position to them. They insisted upon his joining them and would take no refusal. He placed the coffin in the bottom of the boat, and took his oars. The boat beat all the others. The victory was celebrated with many a bottle. It was night before he put the coffin under his arm and turned his face toward Paris. What was his terror when, upon reaching Paris, he remembered the coffin search every thing! The coffin was opened. He was arrested. His story was investigated, and he was liberated from prison, but dismissed from service as an undertaker.

WHY IS A GARDENER THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY MAN IN THE WORLD?

Because no man has more business upon earth, and he always chooses good grounds for what he does. He commands his thyme, he is master of the mint, and fingers penny-royal; he raises his celery every year, and it is a bad year indeed that does not bring him in a plum. He meets with more boughs than a Minister of State, he makes raking his business more than a diversion, as many other gentlemen do, but makes it an advantage to his health and fortune, which few others do. His wife, nevertheless, has enough of his lad's love and heart's ease; and never wishes for weeds. He thrives most in consumption, and can boast of more bleeding hearts than any lady, and has more lancets than any conqueror; but his greatest pride, and the world's greatest envy, is, that he can have yew when he pleases.

HOME INCIDENTS, ACCIDENTS, &c.



DOBBIN GOES SHOPPING.

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SCOLDED AND SCALDED BY HIS WIFE.

dashed into the store, shattering the show-windows, and dragging the vehicle after him. The store was quite full of ladies examining the different articles of attire and adornment, and as the strange visitor broke abruptly through the doors, a precipitate rush was made for the rear of the store. The horse advanced about twenty feet between the counters, when the buggy became entangled in some boxes, and brought him to a sudden halt. Some of the clerks unhitched the horse, removed the carriage, and then led the intruder out into the street.

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A few days ago, Alexander Innis, of Edn, Oneida



A CHILD TOSSED BY A MAD BULLOCK.



THREE BOYS AND THREE BEARS.

county, N. Y., master of the canal boat Decker, appeared at the Police Court in Albany, and demanded warrants for the arrest of his wife and one Levi Gillet, who was engaged on the boat, they having committed an aggravated assault upon him. In his complaint, Innis stated that he had recently discovered a singular coldness on the part of his wife toward him, which had led him to entertain serious doubts of her faithfulness. On the day of the assault, he, with his wife and child and Gillet, were on board the boat, and he fancied these parties were disposed to avoid him. He noticed his child playing about the boat with its clothing disarranged, and called it to him, intending to put its dress in



A STORMING PARTY OF BATHS.

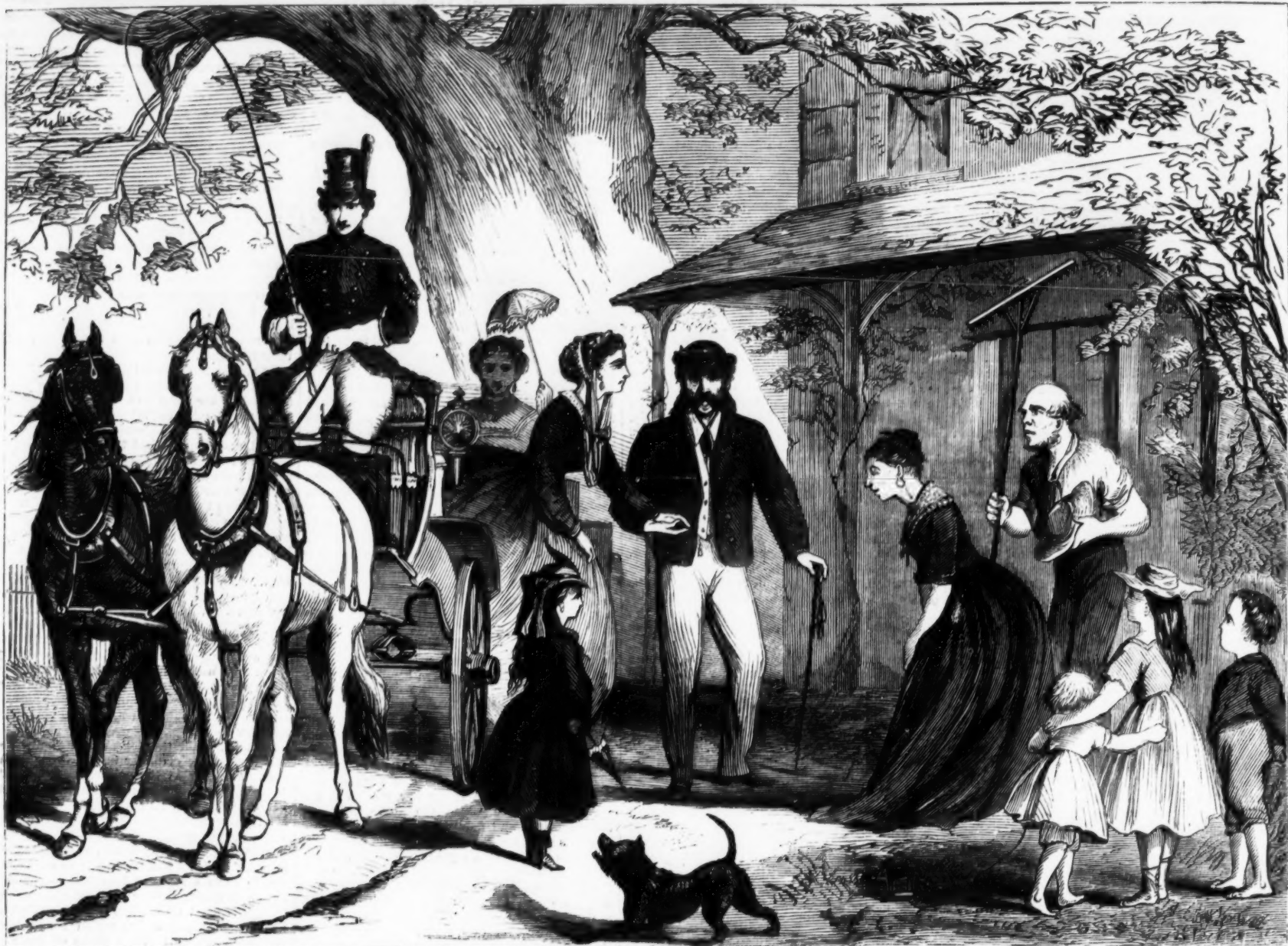
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A PUDDING RAID BY THE PRESS GANG.



DROWNED IN A POND IN BROOKLYN.



THE COUNTRY BOARDING HOUSE—ARRIVAL OF BOARDERS FROM THE CITY.

The Country Boarding House—Arrival of Boarders from the City.

At this season of the year, when, to the dweller in hot and crowded cities, visions of rural bliss have an inexpressible charm, the country boarding-house is a popular and convenient institution. Of course it has no attraction to the fashionable and wealthy world, that looks forward more to the excitement and dissipation of great watering-places than to the calm and tranquil enjoyment of life in the green fields and by the babbling brooks. But there are not many whose purses can stand the pressure of a season at Newport and Saratoga, and there are many others who really prefer the quiet and simplicity of a farmhouse to the display and profusion of a grand hotel. We are not prepared to assert that the country boarding-house fulfills all the dreams of beauty associated with the popular impression of country life; still it is something to be able to gratify the natural desire to go out of town in the dog-days without spending a small fortune in doing so.

Our engraving represents a scene not perhaps so brilliant and imposing as the arrival of Miss Flora McFinnsey at Long Branch or Saratoga, but at the same time characteristic, and presenting faithfully those opposite types of humanity—the country farmer's household and the well-to-do city family taking possession of their country quarters.

Chang and Eng, the Siamese Twins—Proposed Surgical Operation to Cut them Asunder.

The physical phenomena associated with the existence of Chang and Eng, the celebrated Siamese Twins, have long been a subject of interesting study for the scientific world. It will be remembered that these twins are united by a mass of thoroughly normal and vitalized integument, some ten or twelve inches in circumference, situated near the vital organs, and in close proximity to the heart and lungs, and this connection is so intimate that the one seems to partake physically of the individuality of the other, constituting a dual physical existence of the most extraordinary character. Many years ago it was proposed to cut them asunder by a surgical operation, but though one of the brothers was disposed to submit to this apparently dangerous experiment, the other objected to any such interference with the singular but very positive arrangements of nature. They are now fifty-nine years old, and with the lapse of time and probably the development of a more philosophical turn of mind on the part of the objecting brother, the opposition to the experiment has been overcome, and the twins are about to proceed to Paris for the purpose of having the operation of disunion performed.

The opinions of medical men are divided in regard to the possibility of dividing the linked existence of these remarkable twins, without putting an end to the vital principle in both. In view of this antagonism of sentiment, it requires no little courage on their part to consent to an experiment that may be fatal to them. We can only hope that they will not be made the victims of scientific curiosity, but that both will survive the ordeal to which they are about to be subjected.

The history of the Siamese Twins is pretty generally known, although for some years past they have been living in retirement. About forty years ago they were brought from their native land by Captain Bunker, at present a resident of New York, and were exhibited to

the public in Europe and America. They finally settled down in North Carolina, having purchased a valuable tract of land in that State, where they lived comfortably with their wives; for their peculiar physical condition did not prevent them from entering into a matrimonial alliance with two young ladies, who, being sisters, consented to make the brothers happy at the nuptial altar. Each of them is now the father of nine children, who, we trust, will not be made orphans by the surgical knife. Chang and Eng are represented as

being intelligent and amiable men, pleasing in address, and affectionate in their domestic intercourse. Should they survive the proposed operation, there will probably be a renewed curiosity to see them in their changed condition.

The Name of God in Forty-eight Languages.

As LOUIS BURGER, the well-known author and philologist, was walking in the Avenue des Champs

Elysees, in Paris, he heard a familiar voice exclaiming: "Buy some nuts of a poor man, sir? twenty for a penny."

He looked up and recognized his old barber.

"What! are you selling nuts?" said he.

"Ah! sir, I have been unfortunate."

"But this is no business for a man like you."

"Oh, sir! if you could only tell me of something better to do," returned the barber, with a sigh.

Burger was touched. He reflected a moment; then tearing a leaf from his memorandum book, he wrote for a few moments, and handed it to the man, saying:

"Take this to a printing-office, and have a hundred copies struck off; here is the money to pay for it. Get a license from the Prefecture of the Police, and sell them at two cents a copy, and you will have bread on the spot. The strangers who visit Paris cannot refuse this tribute to the name of God printed in so many different ways."

The barber did as he was bid, and he was always seen in the entrance to the Exposition selling the following handbill:

THE NAME OF GOD IN FORTY-EIGHT LANGUAGES.

Hebrew, *Elohim* or *Eloah*; Chaldaic, *Elah*; Assyrian, *Ellah*; Syriac and Turkish, *Allah*; Malay, *Alla*; Arabic, *Allah*; Language of the Magi, *Orri*; Old Egyptian, *Tout*; Armenian, *Touti*; Modern Egyptian, *Tenn*; Greek, *Theos*; Cretan, *Thios*; Eolian and Doric, *Ilos*; Latin, *Deus*; Low Latin, *Dies*; Celtic and old Gallic, *Dia*; French, *Dieu*; Spanish, *Dios*; Portuguese, *Deos*; Old German, *Diad*; Provencal, *Dion*; Low Breton, *Dow*; Lallian, *Dio*; Irish, *Dia*; Ojibwa Tongue, *Deu*; German and Swiss, *Gott*; Flemish, *Goed*; Dutch, *Godt*; English and old Saxon, *God*; Teutonic, *Goth*; Danish and Swedish, *Gut*; Norwegian, *Gud*; Slave, *Buck*; Polish, *Bog*; Polacca, *Bung*; Lapp, *Jubinat*; Finnish, *Jumala*; Runic, *As*; Pannonian, *Ista*; Zemblian, *Fetico*; Hindoostanee, *Rain*; Coramandel, *Brama*; Tartar, *Magatal*; Persian, *Sire*; Chinese, *Prussa*; Japanese, *Goenur*; Madagascar, *Zannar*; Peruvian, *Puehucamuc*.

A few days after, Burger met the barber.

"Well," said he, "has the name of God brought you good luck?"

"Yes, indeed, sir. I sell on an average a hundred copies a day, at two cents each, or two dollars; but the strangers are generous; some give me ten cents, and others twenty. I have even received half a dollar for a copy; so that, all told, I am making five dollars a day."

"Five dollars a day?"

"Yes, sir; thanks to your kindness."

"The deuce!" thought Burger, as he walked away.

"If I were not a literary man, I would turn peddler or publisher; there is nothing so profitable as selling the learning or wit of others."

The managers of a rollicking pantomime, now being performed in this city, appear to be in a continual excitement about a donkey which must be introduced on the stage in a certain scene. They had one, which gave great satisfaction for several weeks; but it became exasperated at having to make a reappearance on an encore, and as soon as it got behind the scenes, it commenced kicking furiously, and created general havoc with the wardrobes which had been hastily thrown aside. The donkey was discharged, and a fresh one hired of a Harlem milkman. The animal performed his part with brilliant success for a fortnight. The thirteenth night the milkman who furnished him failed to bring him. Messengers were sent; he refused to come. At last the manager and author of the piece went to the milkman to press him to bring the donkey to the theatre. "No, gentlemen," replied the milkman, "I'm not going to let my donkey go on the stage again. I did not let father and mother know I had introduced our donkey to public life; but lord! a mercy, if everybody in Harlem ain't talking about our donkey, and all my friends, even my fat cr-in-law, are reproaching me for what I have done; because, gentlemen, I belong to a respectable family, and we have never before had artists in our family." Another donkey is wanted.



CHANG AND ENG, THE SIAMESE TWINS.

HOME INCIDENTS, ACCIDENTS, &c.



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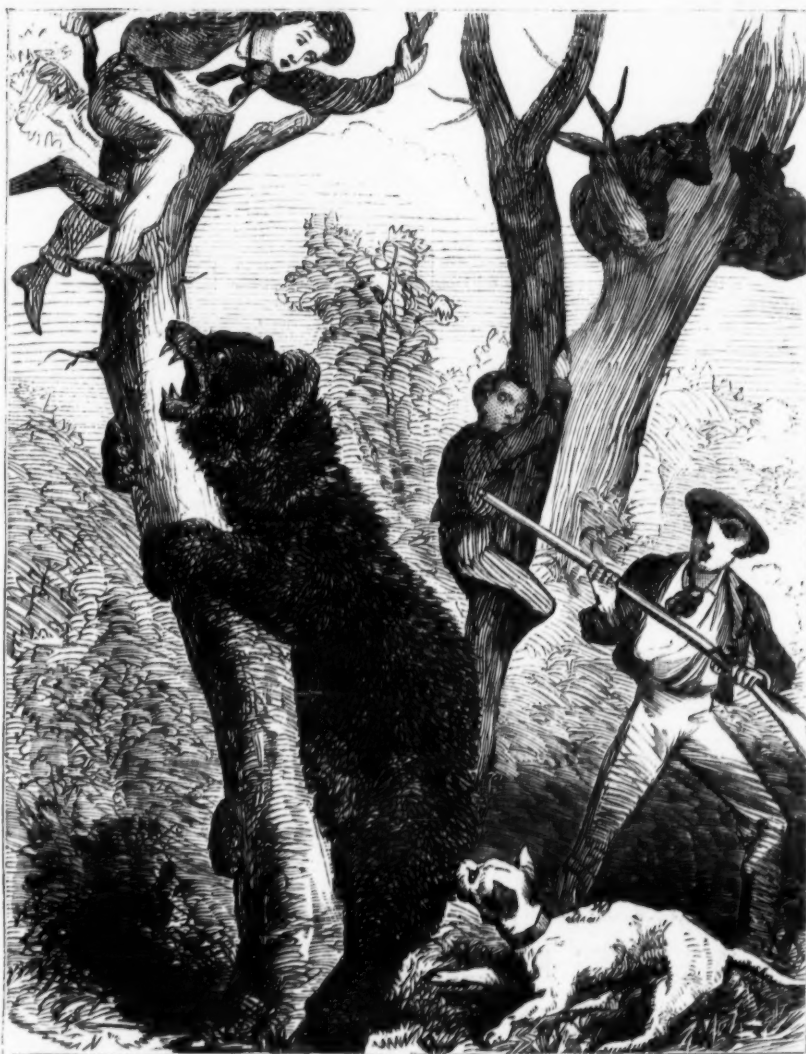
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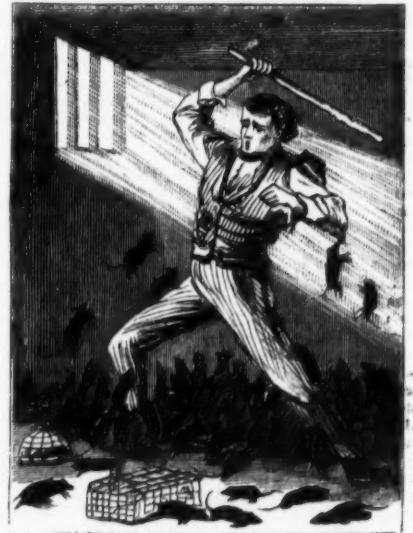


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A STORMING PARTY OF RATS.

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A FUDGING LAID BY THE PRESS GANG.



DROWNED IN A POND IN BROOKLYN.

jaw. Although both men had suffered severely during the melee, when they were brought face to face before his Honor the Judge, they agreed to settle the difficulty in an amicable manner, and left the court-room together.

A Child Tossed by a Mad Bullock.

A great sensation was produced in Louisville, Ky., several days ago, by the freaks of an enraged bullock, which, with a large herd of Texas cattle, was being driven through the streets toward a slaughtering-house. When the drove reached the corner of Main and Second streets, one of the bullocks rushed from the herd, and began dashing about the street in the wildest manner, upsetting boxes, barrels, and crockery crates, and plunging desperately at wagons and passing objects. A bright little girl, daughter of a German shoemaker, was about crossing Main street, a short distance in advance of the infuriated animal, when, seeing the bullock rearing and pitching toward her, she became paralyzed with fear, and was unable to get out of the way. The bullock, with two or three bounds, reached the spot where the poor girl stood, and uttering several terrible growls, raised her upon his horns and tossed her into the air. Fortunately the child was clothed with thick garments, and though considerably bruised about her face and limbs by her harsh treatment, she sustained no serious injuries. While the maddened animal was disporting himself in such a fearful manner, the balance of the drove was driven down a side street, and, in a short time after the attack on the child, was joined by the savage creature, who appeared contented with the amount of his violence, and traveled the remainder of the way without further demonstrations.

A Storming Party of Rats.

An enterprising farmer residing in the vicinity of Galena, Ill., has been greatly annoyed for many months by an army of rats, which have succeeded in undermining his barn and granaries, destroyed his hen-roosts, and taken full possession of his cellar. He had resorted to various expedients to rid his premises of these pestiferous creatures, but none brought an end to this grievous torment. Recently he determined to make a final experiment, and procured about twenty large traps, which he baited with bait, and placed in various parts of his cellar. A few mornings after, he went to this apartment to see how much game he had trapped, and found in one of the cages a monster rat—sloping down, the gentleman was about to dispatch his prize by means of a stick, when the old fellow gave an agonizing squeal, and before the man could think of his own name, a swarm of rats, several hundred in number, rushed out from innumerable holes and crevices known only to themselves, and completely surrounded him. The squeals of the imprisoned rat continued, and his companions at once charged boldly on the farmer, crawling up his legs and back, and biting him wherever a speck of his flesh was discernible. The man plied his stick right and left, and though utterly horrified at the strength of his foe, soon had the satisfaction of seeing his cellar strewn with dead rats. On removing the dead bodies after the engagement, it was found by actual count that three hundred and eighty rats had been slain.

Drowned in a Pond in Brooklyn.

A melancholy drowning affair occurred on Thursday afternoon, July 23, in the Eighth Ward, Brooklyn, in a large pond which had been formed by the filling up of streets over marshy ground. Three young girls, named Margaret Dougherty, Mary Sullivan, and Anne Carroll, went into the water, which averages in depth from a few inches to fifteen feet, for the purpose of bathing, and had walked but a few feet, when they stepped into a very deep hole, and immediately sank. A laborer named James McGee witnessed the accident from a distance, and running to the assistance of the unfortunate girls, plunged into the water, and getting beyond his depth, he also sank beneath the surface. The mother of Margaret Dougherty, attracted to the spot by the excited crowd, and learning that her daughter was one of the drowned, rushed frantically into the water, and met with the same sad fate. To Peter Connors belongs the credit of bringing all the bodies from the water. He also having witnessed the struggles of the deceased from a distance, ran to the spot, partially stripped, plunged in the water, and being a good swimmer, dove beneath the surface until he found the five bodies. The pulse of one of the girls was beating feebly when found, but all the efforts of the bystanders were insufficient to prolong life. All signs of vitality in the others had disappeared.

A Pudding Raid by the Press Gang.

The members of the Press were, as is customary on such occasions, very hospitably entertained by the managers of the recent Saengerfest in Chicago. A room was set apart for their accommodation, in which, at all times, was a goodly supply of creature comforts, both solid and liquid, which are generally acceptable to the representatives of the world of journalism. A half dozen reporters, very hungry and still more thirsty after their morning's work, proceeded in a body to discover this festive apartment. Some of the smaller rooms on the same floor are occupied by parties for household purposes, and into one of these the hungry reporters found their way, and seeing a well-spread table before them, they moved immediately upon the enemy's works, giving special attention to a magnificent pudding served in a huge bake-pan. Presently an old lady, the legitimate occupant of the premises, appeared at the threshold, and began to gesticulate and to talk in what was probably excellent German, though her hearers could understand no word of it. As her pudding disappeared into the capacious maws of the Bohemians, she became furious, and finally the Vandals were made to understand that they had eaten the wrong dinner. One of the party, mounting a chair, uttered an eloquent panegyric on the pudding, and proposed a collection to indemnify the old lady. The proposition was received with applause, and pockets were overhauled, keys, knives, pencil stumps, etc., brought forth in abundance, but no money. They were compelled to confess their impotency, and referred the ancient dame to the Fest Committee on Provisions for the compensation that was her due.

Three Boys and Three Bears.

A singular hunting expedition came off recently in the town of Dupont, Wisconsin, during which three small boys killed three big bears. Three lads, averaging eleven years of age, were wandering along in a piece of woods but a short distance from the town, when they suddenly came upon a large she-bear with her two cubs. One of the adventurers raised his rifle and fired upon the old bear, but without any apparent effect, as she immediately turned upon her disturbers, while her cubs sought shelter in a tree. One of the boys becoming alarmed, climbed a small sapling, but no sooner had he secured a firm position, than the old bear noticed him, and attempted to climb the same tree. Her revengeful intentions were frustrated by a dog that had accompanied the boys, which crept cautiously to the tree, and as the bear raised herself on her hind legs, made a dash, and bit her severely in the rear. She

turned upon her audacious foe, but before she caught up with him, another of the boys had climbed a tree, and drew her attention to himself. Again she essayed to disengage the young hunt-men who were posted in the trees, and while so doing, presented a capital chance for a shot to the little fellow who remained on the ground. He blazed away at her with remarkable precision. The bear fell to the ground, dragged herself off a few feet, and rolled over dead. The other boys now descended, and had little difficulty in killing the cubs.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

A CYNICAL pedagogue gives it as his opinion that, now-a-days, ladies seem to treat their waists as vulgar fractions—to be reduced to the lowest terms.

"PLEASE, Mr. Smith, papa wants to know if you won't lend him the model of your hat?"

"Certainly, my son; what for?"

"He wants to make a scarecrow."

A LADY friend is in quest of a first-rate, tip top, No. 1 girl, to do housework; must thoroughly understand cooking, washing, and ironing. Wages, five dollars per week. All the piano-playing, fine needlework, visiting, and entertaining company will be done by the lady of the house.

A DARKEY once fell out of a second story window, and came down upon the side-walk, head foremost—with such force that some persons who heard the concussion rushed to the spot, expecting to find at least a mangled body.

The darkey was on his feet before they fairly reached him, with a broad grin overspreading his countenance. "Dem stones," he said, "if dey don't want to get hurt, must keep out of dis nigger's way!"

A TIPSY loafer mistook a globe lamp with letters on it for the queen of night. "I am blessed," said he, "if somebody hasn't stuck an advertisement on the moon."

EFTAPHS are like circus bills. There is more in the bill than in the performance.

"HENRIETTA," said a landlady to her new girl, "when there's bad news, particularly private afflictions, always let the boarders know it before dinner. It may seem strange to you, Henrietta, but such things make a great difference in the eating in the course of a year."

We have a quiet, unpretending, but very sympathetic gentleman friend, who is desirous of securing a situation in some respectable family as a son-in-law. He has no objections to going to the country, and pledges himself to execute faithfully the duties belonging to such a position.

A YOUNG lady gives the following catalogue of different kinds of love: "The sweetest, a mother's love; the longest, a brother's love; the strongest, a woman's love; the dearest, a man's love; and the sweetest, longest, strongest, dearest love, a 'love of a new bonnet.'"

WHICH letter of the alphabet, if ailing, would make an instrument used in harvest time? A sick L, (sickle).

"Oh, for a thousand tongues," sang a little urchin who had crawled inside a huge sugar hoghead.

THE song of the billiard ball—"Oh, carom me back."

An old carpenter, who had been employed at job work by an old lady, was asked why people of his trade always charged more in proportion for coffins than they did for chairs or tables.

"Well, you see, ma'am, it's just because people won't bring coffins back to me to be repaired."

"Sir," said a sturdy beggar to a benevolent old man, "please give me a quarter. I am hungry and unable to procure food." The quarter was given, when the beggar said: "You have done a noble deed; you have saved me from doing something which I feared I would have to come to."

"What is that?" said the benefactor.

"Work!" was the mournful answer.

THE Mayor of a country town was questioning the boys at a ragged-school, and he asked them what wore the pumps and vanities of this wicked world. He asked them one by one, but they could not tell him. At last a little boy near the bottom said: "I know, sir. The Mayor and Corporation going to church, sir."

WHAT vegetable does a great spendthrift resemble? The leek.

WHY should a speculator use a high stiffener for his cravat?

Because he should be sure of a rise in his stock.

A BACHELOR uncle, to whom his niece applied for advice on the question of choosing between two suitors, one of whom was rich and the other poor—the latter being the most ardent, as well as the favorite lover—replied, "My dear, the question being stripped of all illusory elements, your choice simply lies between love and beef. Now, love is an idea, while beef is a reality. Love you can get along without; but beef you must have. Therefore, make sure of your beef."

A FELLOW, anxious to see the queen, left his native village, and went to London to gratify his curiosity. Upon his return, his wife asked him "What the queen was like."—"Loike!" cried Hodge. "Why I never was so cheated in my life. What don't think, Margaret? Her arms are loike thoine and moine; although I have heard excitemen say a score of times, her arms were 'a lion and a unicorn.'"

ONE of the marked characteristics of consumption is that it generally begins, and always ends in a narrow chest.

SEVERAL months ago, while a well-known public functionary was being shaved, the barber accidentally gave his nose a hard blow. "Pardon me," said he, very naturally. "Put your hand in my coat-pocket and pull out one," replied the amiable official, "and I'll fill it out for you when you're done."

APROPPOS of the Democratic Convention held in this city, it is related that a delegation from one of the Southwestern States resolved itself into a debating club, to discuss the merits of the prospective candidates. A member who had slept soundly through the proceedings, rolled from his chair, and while stretching himself on the floor, said: "Mr. President, I move we adjourn, *in Pluribus Unum!*"

A STRANGER is now in town ventilating a plan for an improved method of manufacturing firearms. He says, that with the aid of straw, he can rifle a barrel of any size. Judging from the size and color of his nose, he is already quite an adept.

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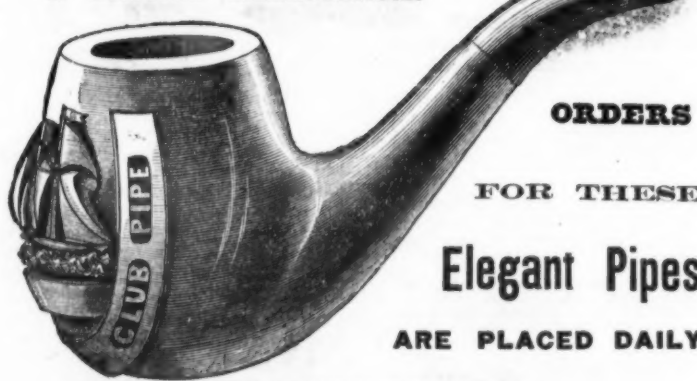
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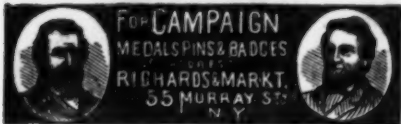
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Added to which it is cheaper and
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CASSIUS—Why, there was a crown offered him; he put it back with the back of his hand, thus;
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BRUTUS—What was the second noise for?
CASSIUS—Why, for that too.
CASSIUS—What was the last cry for?
CASSIUS—Why, for that too; and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; but for all
that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it.

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